In This Issue

VOLUME 151 APRIL 24, 1929 NUMBER 17

Looking Forward 641

Frontispiece: The Quilting Party 642
An Etching by HAROLD DENISON

Articles

The Job of Being a Feminist . 643
By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"Turistus Americanus" . . 647
By T. R. YBARRA

Beethoven: A Biography . . 648
Second Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Financial Article 653
Trouble Under the Ground
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

America's Future in the Arts 662
By FEODOR CHALIAPIN
As Told to SULAMITH-ISH-KISHOR

Mind as God 664
ANONYMOUS

The Trend of Events

Highballs on High Seas . . 654
Dawes London-Bound . . . 654
Cruiser Competition . . . 654
Two Non-Ambassadors . . 654
Coolidge in Insurance . . . 655
"Collegians" in College . . 655
Wholesale Indictments . . 655
Everybody Up 656
Skyscraper Art 656
German Reparations . . . 657
Gas Tax Triumphant . . . 657
Lizzie Borden Again . . . 657
Curtis Under Kleig Lights . 658
Last of the Oil Cases . . . 658
"Just Through with It" . . 658
Mexican Revolt at an End . 658
Our Films in France . . . 659
The Week's Press Opinion . 659
Back Stage in Washington . 660

Editorial

Our Growing Knowledge of Man 661
By ALES HRDLICKA

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books . . . 667
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR, BEN WASSON AND J. DANA TASKER

Religion's Voice 669
As Heard in Recent Books
By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

The Theatre 670
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 671
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 672
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 673
By IBBY HALL

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Looking Forward

AS A RULE, a man who has gone to infinite pains to understand a complicated machine, seldom wants to destroy it. He has too great a respect both for the future possibilities of the machine itself, if properly understood and handled, and for the men who have contributed to building such an engine. He knows it is better to improve a thing than to scrap it.

IN THE CIVILIZATION of these United States today, we have probably the most complicated social and industrial machine ever produced by man, as well as the most difficult to understand fully. View it from any angle you like, all the way from our Federal Reserve Board and its control of credit, to the mere problem of health which our great cities present; from the point of view of our political problems, or of man's necessity for individual expression and happiness—view it from any of these angles, and it is a world to make a man pause. In fact, it requires only an instant's thought to conclude that before we criticize and alter we will do well to understand.

ONE OF THE AIMS of this journal is to make such an evaluation, both in its own interests, and in the interests of its subscribers. In our view, a prime necessity for good Americans nowadays is, without hypocrisy or cant, to understand ourselves and our past, our country and the time we live in, and our actual relations with and position in regard to the rest of the world.

ALL OF THESE FACTORS make vital full discussion and examination, not only of the major problems and ideas of the day, but also of the current social and individual solutions of life. For it seems plain that men must understand modern civilization down to its most intricate parts, before they can contribute intelligently to its future, whether socially, industrially or politically.

CERTAINLY, in a world that every year grows more complex and difficult to steer, the obligation to understand is peculiarly binding on every citizen of a democracy.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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QUILTING PARTY

An etching by Harold Denison

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Outlook
and Independent
April 24, 1929

The Job of Being a Feminist

Small Town Style

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

A glance at "Who's Who" belies the author's modest estimate of her achievement, though it is evident from her testimony that the small-town feminist encounters many more obstacles than her sister in the city. Mrs. Blair lives in Joplin, Missouri

TWENTY years ago, a married woman with two children, I sold my first story. At that moment I became a feminist. Not that I knew it. I merely thought that if money were to grow on literary trees as freely as that it behooved me to go out and pick it. Of course such work must not be allowed to interfere with my home life or my married duties or my obligations to my children. I would do it at odd hours, I would organize my day. I would use the money made to employ a housekeeper-cook, a better nurse. I recognized the possibility that the margin left might be small, at first, but it would be something, and the writing (and the reading in print) of my stories more fun than cooking or doing the children's laundry. Besides, was it not my right to write if I could do it without harm to anyone else? Women's place I well knew was in the home but why should I not be able to stay inside and reach outside too? It might take managing and some effort but that was my business and no one should ever say that I was the worse housekeeper, wife or mother for being a check earner too.

And so, lightly and ignorantly, I embarked on the stormy sea of feminism. All too soon I learned what a zig-zag course must be mine if I would avoid storms overhead, icebergs ahead, confusion and discomfort within, and even wrack and rupture of the vessel to which I had committed myself. But I learned it only a little at a time, for at no one moment was the sum of experiences so great as to overwhelm me or turn me back permanently to the sound and solid land of domesticity. It is now, looking back on those twenty years of paralleled effort, that I realize how much time and energy and thought I wasted trying to be two persons in one, trying to meet my own ambitions and the standards of the community at the same time. Forty per cent is, I think, a conservative estimate of the percentage of effort that must be charged off as useless, nonproductive. Sixty per cent of my possibilities is, I believe, a fair estimate of my achievements.

Now that I have at last stopped trying to pretend that I am not really a feminist, stopped trying to be as good a housekeeper as my neighbor who does nothing else, stopped trying to dress as well and with as much variety as those who have hours to spend shopping, stopped trying to be as interested in afternoon bridge and parties as my best friends, I look back at those twenty years to ascertain what was responsible for that wasted effort, that indifferent percentage, what it was that kept me ever and always trying to lead this double life.

A certain percentage ought to be charged off to my own temperament that made me strive to merit the good opinion of my friends at the sacrifice of my work, a little more to the mentality that did not recognize feminism on sight. And still more to the fact that my husband had married me for the domestic article and that good faith seemed to dictate that I should deliver what had been contracted for. But, after all of these contributing facts are allowed for, there is still the percentage that must be charged to the community's attitude towards the self-supporting married woman. It was this attitude, for instance, that made me work so hard at being a good wife and mother. My married friends who devoted their hours to bridge or church or other unremunerative work were not on trial. It was not necessary for them to have their houses above reproach or their children always looked after by some adult at home. So although it was my temperament that made me endeavor not to deserve reproach, it was the standard or attitude of the community that offered the possibility of reproach. Disapproval is too harsh a word to apply to this attitude. On the contrary I found my friends very lenient and forbearing. But that my action called for lenience and forbearance indicates what their attitude was.

I AM NOT aware that this attitude was different from what it would have been among the same kind of people with the same incomes, the same education and place in the social scale in a city. But in a city my actions would not have been subject to publicity. My social friends, my social equals would not necessarily have known what I was doing with my typewriter. Or, if they did hear that I was "trying to write for magazines," they could not see to what

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extent I was neglecting my traditional job of wife and mother to do it. It is the publicity that beats about the small-town feminist's domestic life that lays upon her this necessity to lead two lives. In a city a feminist's two worlds do not overlap. She leaves off being her husband's wife at her departure for business. She has no neighbors to wonder if she has darned his socks, if he supports her, if her floors are not dusted or if the eggs were burned for breakfast. Her friends might be interested but they probably live ten miles away. She meets them in hotel or club for most of her social engagements. And on those occasions when she does invite them to her home she has probably taken time off from her work to make her home look attractive for their pleasure. In the small town there is no escape or camouflage for her. Shared laundresses, postmen, icemen, and milkmen carry the news of her shortcomings, even if friends do not drop in and neighbors do not peer over boundary lines.

Of course the kind of work I undertook made it easier for me to live this double life than if I had gone into office work. And yet for a year, soon after I had "stepped out" into feminism, I did have a down town office, went to it at eight in the morning and stayed until six at night. And even so it seemed necessary to justify my right to the office by success as a housekeeper. Meeting the test of being a good housekeeper, however, I found the easiest of my difficulties to adjust. Good servants can be found if paid for. My mother, fortunately for me, gave me many hours with my children. And I have abounding energy and much physical endurance. In addition to my reputation for domesticity I wanted to keep my friends. This was more difficult. This difficulty is a handicap on feminists in a small town not often noted but is, I am inclined to think, one of the reasons why more women in small towns do not go into business.

I AM a social creature. I grew up in this town. I was fond of my women friends and I enjoyed meeting them. Opportunity to do so came through many small luncheons and teas, not to mention the casual visit. For some reason which I have never been able to discover, the social life of the small town is a day-time life. The formal dinners are rare and the informal social evenings even rarer. Two couples will play bridge together occasionally. There is usually a dinner club or an evening card club. But most of the social affairs are daytime affairs for women. To become a feminist and set apart those hours not devoted to housekeeping and mothering to writing or publicity work meant to deny myself not only all opportunity to meet these women friends but practically all social life.

A New York feminist once said to me: "A woman must either find friends through her work or she must have freedom from her work and time away from it to make them outside."

A SMALL-TOWN feminist has an opportunity to do neither. Though she may meet through her business other feminists, their number will be so limited in a small town that there is small chance that among them she will find more than one, if that one, congenial to her in temperament, age or tastes, or having the same social and educational backgrounds. There will certainly not be enough to compose the social group which is necessary to the organization of a social life. But frankly, even had there been in my case, I should have felt it a sacrifice to give up my association with those friends with whom I had grown up and for whom I had a real affection. In a city new acquaintances and connections are made yearly due to this accident or that similarity of interests or undertaking. In a small town such associations are a matter of slower growth. A group of young people grow up together, marry, settle down and form a close corporation, opening up only after long periods to include some newcomer who has been well tested by a novitiate. This may be hard on the newcomer but it is still harder on the member who voluntarily severs his or her connection with the group. Feminists must face squarely the fact that their new work will sever their connections with the women in their crowd, as a man's business does not sever his connections with old men friends.

Feminists in the small town realize this. More than one woman doctor or lawyer or business woman in a small town I have seen seriously hamper herself in her work by her effort to retain her membership in a woman's club, or to slip in an occasional luncheon party of her own. But even if they manage, by accepting an occasional day-time invitation and by stealing time from their work to entertain their friends in return, to keep one finger, at least, upon their old social contacts, these feminists find that something more than the difficulty of adjusting their hours to a schedule arranged for housekeeping women stands in the way of the old comradeship. Without exception the other women are engaged in the same occupation. Naturally, although they are not aware of it, their conversation plays around subjects connected with this occupation: children, house decorating, menus, servants, bridge, club programs. I am not one to criticise this in any unfriendly spirit. Men, I observe, talk with equal constancy about stocks and bonds, markets, the new companies, the men who have sold their stores or are opening new ones, the effect of chain stores, the price of ore or grain. I see nothing wrong in housewives discussing the matters connected with their occupation. But it is an occupation that has ceased to interest the feminist—at least in the way it does the housewife. The result is that the feminist finds it necessary to change her mental gears at a women's party. Indeed, she is lucky if she can change her gears rapidly enough to get into the conversational procession. For it is not easy for a brain that has become absorbed on one subject—as most brains must if their owner is to make a success in some business—to drop all thought of it at a front door and turn to an entirely different one. Sometimes, at parties, I have felt as if my mind had been picked up and forcibly turned about. At other times I have gone through an entire afternoon like a Ford missing on all but one cylinder because three parts of my mind were adjusted to one subject and only one quarter of it was I able to get busy on the clothing and food under discussion.

NOT THAT I would advocate for a feminist, any more than for a man or a housewife, that she think always and only of one subject—that by which she earns her bread—but there are always related subjects to which one rationally turns for change. It is easier, for instance, for a mind to run from law to the latest political action, or from writing an article on feminism to the newest biology, or even from a pay check to a possible trip, than from any of these subjects to the discussion of housekeeping.

But there is more to this difficulty than the mere discussion of details that no longer interest the feminist. Every

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group of people who meet often, who happen to be engaged in a similar occupation, takes for granted a certain known background more or less common to all, each member of it is assumed to have the same approach. There are words, thoughts, motives, values understood back of all opinions and arguments. These the feminist realizes she does not have. Certain things have ceased to have the same values to her they have for her friends. She places her emphasis on a different thing. She does not, therefore, have the same opinions. It is not that the feminist is not interested in a home or home furnishings or food or service. She, more than the home-staying woman, knows the importance of them. But she approaches them as the man does, as a reward, as something to please, strengthen and delight her, not as something she must make, not as a plant, a job. So when feminists discuss their homes, as they often do when together, what they talk about is how much they enjoy them, how they like this or that, and why they like it, what a good cook they have and what a joy it is to have a good cook, and how they have just managed to find this—and look at it, "isn't it a dear?" Home is to them what a good game of golf is to a man and they speak of it as he does his score. A piece of furniture is to them what a new book is to a bibliomaniac. It is a reward for their work.

When housewives discuss their homes, however, what they talk about is what they have done or should do, how hard it is to find good servants and how best to manage them, how they made this and how they got that for a mere song. The home to them is the object of their work—their business. When the feminist realizes this she keeps still. Why make the separation between her and these women any greater than it is? But she is not comfortable. She feels out of place; to understand how much, one has only to imagine a man engaged as she is, at practicing law or medicine, or editing a newspaper or even being a secretary, alone among a dozen housekeepers spending the afternoon together. That is, provided that with a man present the women talked just as they would if the stranger were a feminist instead of a man. They would not. They would seek to draw out the man, to make him talk. Or they would try to amuse him. There is this difference: When women talk to men it is as women, neither as feminists nor as housekeepers. But fancy a woman trying to "draw out" another woman, feed her ego, win her admiration, amuse her, entertain her! And especially if she happen to be an old friend and the occasion an afternoon party.

No, all too soon the feminist realizes that her old time friends are not interested in her new interests. They are not only not interested but there exudes from them a mild antagonism, although that may be too strong an adjective. Perhaps disparagement would be better. Even though they are fond enough of her to wish her well and to be glad she is "getting along," the feeling that she

Harris & Ewing

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Homemakers, she believes, do not accept the feminist

has turned her back on their world, that she lives in one strange to them, implies a criticism of theirs that leaves just a shade of resentment. I have heard too many home-making women speak scornfully of some woman who left her home for luxuries—referring to a wage earner and not a hussy—not to realize that there is this feeling. The action of the feminist not only implies a criticism of the home-staying woman's mode of life but, if the feminist was moved by a desire to improve her financial or social standing, it suggests that a wife need not be limited to what a husband offers. And this is to lower the value of having a rich, generous husband—incidentally the importance of being a wife. These wives know this. The feminist senses their resentment. Small wonder that she does not talk to them about her interests—that instead she tries to talk of theirs.

I remember that, after I had been made vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and various news services and magazine articles had brought it home to my friends that it was a rather important position, one of my dearest friends said to me: "But how did they ever happen to come all the way out here and choose you?" Although I had been engaged in public work that had made me known nationally to most editors and women leaders in the country, my work, political and literary, was utterly unknown to my intimate friends.

There is still another reason why there is this break between a feminist and her home-making friends. Every husband knows how hard it is to answer his wife's questions about his business. It is not that he does not want to discuss it with her but to do so he would have to go back and explain to her the whole technique and code of give and take, profit and loss, processes which are entirely outside her experience. The feminist has the same difficulty in discussing her interests.

Perhaps I may seem to make too much of this but it is, I feel sure, a state of things that keeps many women in a small town from becoming feminists. Small town people put much more emphasis on personal contacts, on what we may call their social life, no matter how informal it is, than city people, because, as one young matron said to me, "It is all we have. Our homes, our friends in a small town must be to us what plays and shops and music and a chance to see pictures and pageants and events are to city people." Women depend on their friends' entertainment and diversion as well as affection. And entrance to the business world they know will inevitably separate them from these friends. It is not as if they had any chance to substitute other social contacts. There will be little opportunity to form friendships with men co-workers, or customers. For all those occasions and opportunities that men enjoy for friendships and camaraderie with each other are closed to feminists. The business clubs composed of men will not include them. They are not asked to join the business fraternities. They seldom sit on boards, visit around in offices, lounge in the hotel lobby. They cannot belong to the University Club or the Elks Club. They could not sit

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about in the corner drug store which is the men's club in towns where there is no Elks Club. And amusingly, in mixed clubs having to do with business by the way, the feminist is sometimes segregated with the wife.

A woman working in a city *could* find herself in the same situation as regards home-keeping friends and social contacts and often, as far as her association with her own family is concerned, she does. But to offset this, there are available to the feminist in the city clubs composed entirely of women engaged in business where she may find social intercourse that is both congenial and rewarding. In the city there are luncheons devoted to public questions where women come together. There are luncheons where the program is completed between one and two-thirty. There are clubhouses where the feminist may drop in for a game of bridge between five and seven. There are programs for the evenings, too, at these clubs—dances and concerts, classes and games. When there is some public undertaking she, as well as the home-keeping women and the business men, is counted in, and arrangements are made to reach her and interest her, arrangements that fit in with her working hours. And at public dinners and luncheons she meets all kinds of women, as well as men, come together as individuals. There will be doctors, lawyers, writers, employers and employees of both sexes talking shop of all kinds, shop and politics and science and even personalities in which she can join without any mental adjustment. She will not find herself set apart with the wives nor will she be forced to amuse some man although she may, if she wishes, do both.

IN THE CITY a woman may increase rather than decrease her opportunities for pleasure and contacts by becoming a feminist. There are those that come from her business itself. She is not an isolated woman working away from her friends among men but one of many women among whom she will find friends. I worked for several years in a large city so I know whereof I speak. I remember my lunch hours with my fellow workers with as much pleasure as the parties in the small town. In my office force, in my work, at my clubs, I met women interested in the same thing I was, sharing the same viewpoint, stimulating, encouraging. There were luncheons with feminists, luncheons where home-makers and feminists associated, where the conversation was on subjects of common interest to both, and there were parties where there were both men and women, feminists and anti-feminists of both sexes, where conversation might be on subjects of common interest but, if it was controversial, the sides were fairly evenly divided.

IT MAY be objected that I am thinking of the successful feminist, the one who can afford membership in a good club, who is asked to interesting luncheons, and not of the typist at fifty dollars a month. But the same thing is true of the typist that is true of the more successful feminist. There are so many more women working in a city, even at typing and the poorer paid jobs, that she will have more opportunity to find congenial fellow-workers than in the small town, and more occasions for play available in her leisure hours. I have only to take my own secretary for an example. In a town of 10,000 there would probably be no other girl her age interested in the things that she is, who would be employed during the hours that she is. It is not that she is better than the others, or in the least snobbish. But her college life, her travel abroad, her literary work have given her different interests from those of the comparatively few girls who work in the offices of a town of that size. Since all her friends would do their playing in the day-time, she would never have an opportunity to play with girls. In a city she would find dozens of college mates in the same kind of work and many opportunities for play with them.

The important woman in the small community remains the wife. Times have changed to this extent: Instead of the wife of the rich banker who dominated thirty years ago, she may today be the wife of the baker who has worked her way up to the presidency of the local woman's club. But she will not be a feminist, in the sense of a woman earning her own living, when she already has a job as wife, nor will she be president of the Business and Professional Women's Club. She will be a home-maker. And the influence of these important women is not thrown on the side of feminism. In another small town very far away from this one occurred a case in point. A school board composed of three men and three women was discussing the marriage of a school teacher. The women, two wives and a widow living on her inheritance from her husband, were unanimous in their opinion that the woman should be asked to resign. The position was a part time one with a small salary, apparently just the kind for a married woman.

"Perhaps," said one of the men, "she had this position in mind when she got married. Perhaps she has counted on this money."

"She should not have married if her husband could not support her," said one of the women.

"Perhaps she should not," said another man, "but perhaps she did."

"I don't believe," said another woman, "in married women working. She ought to get along on her husband's income."

"But perhaps they cannot. And they are young. It is hard to wait sometimes," said another man.

"I think she should stop teaching," said the third woman.

Neither men nor women considered her right to work, but the men were more sympathetic with her desire than the women. And the action of these women would receive, I venture, the approval of a very large number of home-makers in any small town. Not that these women would deny to a needy woman the right to earn her daily bread. Needy women, unmarried women, are welcome to work as cheaply as they will. And so even in the small town the law offices, the banks, the shops, the stores have their women employees. But rarely in the small town does one of these women become a lawyer, a bank cashier, an executive, a store manager. Why? At once I think of two women who have for ten years been holding secretaryships that no man with their ability would have continued in so long. One may say that they lack the initiative, the force, the capacity to go on to something more important and independent and remunerative. But I have known of women of less capacity, force, initiative in the city holding positions of importance. One may say that there are not the openings in a small town that there are in a city. And this is true. There are very few well paid positions of importance open to women in the small town and these two women are compelled to live in a small town.

BUT THERE are some opportunities; young men starting at the same time that they did have gone further. To my mind there is a relation between the conditions in a small town—that is, the dominance of home-making women and

(*Please Turn to Page 674*)

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"Turistus Americanus"

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

NO MATTER where an American visitor to Europe does not go on his European tour, he almost certainly goes to Paris. Whether he crosses the ocean for a hurried jaunt of two or three weeks or spends months "doing" Europe, Paris, at some point or other of his itinerary (unless that itinerary is quite abnormal) claims himself, his time and his dollars. It is the center of the American tourist's universe, with London, Italy, Holland, Spain, the Rhine and similar magnets for travelers rotating like respectful satellites in its orbit. It is the capital of Turistia, the adopted home par excellence of that hurried, harassed and henpecked form of human life known as Turistus Americanus.

Yet, despite the enormous army of tourists whom Paris has gathered in past years and the vast multitude for whom she is now preparing, at the outset of another season, Paris is worrying. She is not getting quite as many tourists as she wishes; she is feeling, suddenly, the competition of her European satellites; she is afraid that, unless she does something to lure foreign visitors they may divide their allegiance so disastrously that her hitherto unrivaled supremacy as the Super-Mecca of travelers may be jeopardized.

So great is the beauty of Paris, so numerous her "sights," so strong the charm which she exercises over the stranger within her gates that, up to now, the Parisians have done little in the way of direct efforts to tempt natives of other lands. They have relied on their city's natural drawing power.

But now some of them have suddenly awakened to the fact that other Europeans have been conducting an intensive campaign abroad for the purpose of attracting travelers—especially Americans. The Germans, for example, have been going after the tourist business with energy and efficiency. For the first few years after the Armistice Germany, compared with France and with the Germany of before the War, got practically no tourists at all. Now, however, thanks to a very active propaganda, she is luring them in droves. A big government travel bureau, working in close co-operation with the German National Railways, has offices in a number of foreign cities.

Germans are spending something like $250,000 yearly in attracting tourists. Aside from the actual cost of the upkeep of travel offices and other direct expenses, much of this sum is spent on the publication and dissemination of booklets vaunting Germany's charms, on articles telling how welcome tourists are in Germany, how easy-going are German customs officials, how pleasant and cheap and clean are German hotels.

ITALY, also, is developing an efficiency in tourist propaganda which speaks well for the get-together tactics instilled into Italians by Signor Mussolini. One can see big posters in American cities showing striking pictures of Italian palaces and cathedrals, to say nothing of pamphlets so cunningly written and illustrated, that many an American originally headed toward the classic tourist port of Cherbourg, the gateway of Paris, suddenly switches to a steamer which lands him at Naples or Genoa and plunges into an Italian tour so extensive that, when he comes to look over his funds, he finds that his stay in Paris must be greatly curtailed—possibly, even, suppressed!

Nor is it only Germany and Italy that are making a concerted attack on the proud position of Paris as gatherer-in-chief of American shekels. Spain, too, is waking up to the lucrative possibilities of tourist business—she is establishing official travel bureaus in foreign cities, showing pictures of the Giralda and the Escorial and the Alhambra, and reproductions of famous paintings by Velásquez, Murillo and Goya. This year she is making an especially strong bid for tourist favor by holding two big expositions, at Seville and Barcelona. How many Americans will be tempted, by this flourish of Spanish trumpets, to land at Gibraltar or Lisbon or Barcelona? How many will dally too long in lovely Andalusia and proud Castile to give Paris more than a fleeting "bonjour"? That is what the Parisians are asking themselves. And when they see other European lands entering the lists as tourist-tempters—Austria, Holland, Scandinavia, even far-away Finland and Czechoslovakia and Hungary and Greece—their worry becomes serious.

Already Frenchmen alive to the importance to Paris of the great multitudes of tourists who visit her are urging that efforts be made, that money in large sums be spent, to defend the City of Light against the encroachments of rivals. Already a member of the French Parliament is pointing out to Parisians that Germany spends six times as much money in luring tourists as France does, that the propaganda of other countries is on a similar scale in proportion to the half-hearted endeavors of France. He, as well as others, is worried because of a certain discrimination in France against foreigners, of the prevalence of special taxes levied upon them, of a spirit tending to make the more sensitive among them believe that, despite the liberality with which they pour their dollars into widely-opened French palms, they are by no means popular among Frenchmen. Corrective measures are urgently needed, say these alarmists, if France is not to lose some of her profits from tourists. They point out that Americans are already showing signs of restiveness at what they consider extortion and lack of consideration to such an extent that the total of American tourists visiting France in 1928 was far less than the totals for 1927 and 1926.

What of 1929?—and later years?

ANOTHER thing that enhances their alarm is that Paris now has too many hotels. Relying on an inexhaustible supply of tourists, she has embarked of late on a programme of hotel-building of unprecedented dimensions. Visitors returning to Paris this year after an absence of, say, two seasons, rub their eyes in astonisment at the number of new hotels which greet their eyes. Some of them are enormous places, capable of housing armies of visitors. The trouble is that, so far, the armies have not come in sufficient numbers to fill them. Old hotels, well-known to tourists, keep a steady hold on the favor of their patrons. Some of the new hostelries, however, are having a hard time. Of course, later in the season, when the tourists begin to come in crowds, things will brighten up; the fact remains, however, that, in the domain of hotels, Paris has indulged in an orgy of overbuilding. But it is too early to prophesy about the season of 1929.

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Last week we published the opening installment of Mr. Schauffler's biography of Ludwig Beethoven. It told the story of the boyhood of "Spangy," as the youthful Beethoven was known, his first lessons in the art he was to bring to such perfection, and his arrival in Vienna where he quickly won the recognition of the nobility

THE ART of music has so recently evolved its elaborate material setting that conditions in the world's most musical city a century and a third ago seem primitive to us today. In 1795 there was scarcely any public criticism of music anywhere else outside of London. Vienna had no symphony orchestras except scratch affairs hastily assembled and sketchily rehearsed for special occasions. There were almost no public concerts except those functions called "Academies." These were given by composers to advertise their own compositions, or by well-known virtuosos or prodigies. "Stunt" improvising and trials of skill between composers and pianists were all the rage. Advertising was still in the early embryonic period. Executants and composers instinctively used the servants' entrance.

The man who was already beginning to emancipate these unhappy people and their art actually lived in Vienna for two and a half years and enjoyed overwhelming success in private, before he had a chance to be heard in public.

This chance came on March 29, 1795, at a concert for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Society of Musicians. His old friend, Dr. Wegeler, tells how he characteristically put off writing the new piano concerto he was to perform, until only two days were left for the *finale*. This crisis was complicated by a severe attack of colic. Beethoven worked on the concerto; the doctor worked on the colic, while four copyists toiled in the ante-room, pouncing upon each wet sheet of manuscript and writing out the orchestral parts.

The first rehearsal was held in Beethoven's rooms the day before the concerto. There the Master gave an exhibition of musical presence of mind. His pianos usually had something seriously wrong with them. His absent-minded habit of upsetting the inkwell upon the strings could have done them no particular good. This piano turned out to be half a tone lower than the wind instruments. Unhesitatingly the Master had the orchestra tune to the pseudo B flat of the discouraged *Klavier*, and played his own part a semitone higher than he had written it.[1]

HAYDN
1732-1809

This was like the feat with which, many years later, a certain young Johannes Brahms was to win the startled admiration of his audience in Celle. Brahms, and the violinist Remenyi, had a piano fobbed off on them too low in pitch to suit the violinist. Instantly the young composer transposed the piano part of Beethoven's C minor violin sonata from memory a semitone higher. It is appropriate that history should have doubly repeated itself by bringing a Beethoven composition into this incident.

Ludwig's finances were now decidedly improving. He was no longer anxiously noting down the stray coppers invested in temperance drinks "for Haidn and Me." Money came in fast—but no faster than he could lavish it on his friends. All was right with his world. Meanwhile, his father, John the Gullet-Baptist, had, in 1792, died of too zealous baptistry, and had been gathered to his fathers without causing much filial grief.

Ludwig had sent for his brothers, promising to establish them in Vienna and life. And he had kept his word. Czerny described the two boys as follows: "Karl, short, red-haired, ugly; Johann: large, dark, a handsome fellow and an absolute dandy." Karl became a third-rate musician, Johann, a druggist. We shall see what trouble they gave their elder brother.

In 1795, with three trios for violin, violoncello and piano (Op. 1) Beethoven made his bow as a regular composer. And a portentous bow it was. These trios instantly overshadowed all that Haydn and Mozart had ever composed in that form. The older trios had been created with one eye upon the fashionable taste of the Austrian aristocracy. Opus 1, on the other hand, while keeping many a rococo characteristic, was written with an eye single to the expression of strongly personal feeling. It has pages where one almost overhears the proud commoner exulting in his own mental and spiritual resources.

1. This was not the concerto in C, as is sometimes stated, but that in B flat. Beethoven transposed it to five sharps.

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Ries records that during an evening party at Prince Lichnowsky's Beethoven played these trios to Haydn, from manuscript. The old master said a number of complimentary things about the first two. But he counselled his pupil not to publish the third, in C minor. "This surprised Beethoven, since he considered the third the best of the trios, and it is still the one which gives the greatest pleasure and makes the most effect.

"In consequence, Haydn's remark left a bad impression on Beethoven, and led him to suppose that Haydn was envious, jealous and ill-disposed towards him. I confess that when Beethoven told me of this I took small stock in it. So I made an opportunity to ask Haydn himself about it. But his answer confirmed Beethoven's idea; he said he had had no idea that this trio would be so quickly and easily grasped and so well received by the public."

When Opus 1 was first tried over by the circle of eminent chamber musicians who met at Tompkinson's piano warehouse in London, J. B. Cramer the pianist cried: "This is the man who is to console us for the loss of Mozart!"

One imagines that these prophetic words might have been spoken after the slow movement of the D major trio. It was the newest note, and the most consoling, that had sounded in music for many a long day. This *Largo con espressione* was the first example in Beethoven's work of what admirers of the novelist de Morgan might call the Joseph Vance type of melody. "How often have I said to myself, after hearing some especially convincing tune of Beethoven's, 'Why, if that is so, there can be no occasion to worry'."

This movement was the pioneer in that long line of comforting, reassuring melodies in which Beethoven stood, and stands, supreme. They include the slow movement of the *Pathétique* and *"Appassionata"* sonatas the second theme of the *"Waldstein's"* opening movement, the *Andante con moto* of the B flat trio (op. 97), the *Adagio* of the Ninth symphony, and the *Cavatina* of the B flat quartet (op. 130).

Opus 1 was sold by subscription, and at once netted its composer the tidy sum of 878 *gulden,* an amount almost six times as large as his wraith-like organist's salary. But success did not in the least go to his head. He resolutely put aside all temptation to capitalize himself by writing down to the popular taste. Instead he scribbled on the margin of his Sketch Book: "Courage! Despite all the weaknesses of the body, my spirit shall rule! Here I am, twenty-five years old. This year must bring out the complete man . . . . Nothing must remain over." Surely a heaven-storming program. Not for many a day did the young composer's wagon reach anything like the altitudes of the star he had selected for hitching purposes.

MOZART
1756-1791

But at least, during 1796, it often left the ground.

In that year Beethoven published, as Opus 2, the first three of his thirty-two piano sonatas.

The first, in F minor, was probably written in Bonn. It goes along tamely enough, echoing its predecessors by Haydn and Mozart, up to the sombre and violent *finale.* At that point, however, Beethoven breaks with the rococo tradition that a closing movement should be a suavely cheerful affair, guaranteed to put the aristocrats into a good temper. Without offering much of purely musical interest, these pages are prophetic.

The next two sonatas bear the unmistakable stamp of Vienna. They were chiefly intended for the display of their composer's virtuosity as pianist. This they accomplished in a fashion that took the wind out of Haydn's and Mozart's sails and established a new standard of sonata technic. To us of today their harmonic idiom is admittedly somewhat outworn. But to 1796 it was an amazing portent. We can have small conception how such revolutionary music stirred the souls of men when these old chords were new.

Having taken Vienna by storm, in 1795, the following year Beethoven tried Berlin. For use on this trip he wrote two violoncello and piano sonatas[1] and dedicated them to Friedrich Wilhelm II, King of Prussia. In Berlin he played at Court and was rewarded with a gold snuff-box filled with louis d'or, "no ordinary snuff-box," he proudly explained, "but the sort usually given ambassadors."

On two occasions also he improvised at the *Singakademie,* and the audience, profoundly moved, paid him the tribute of tears, which only disgusted the young Master. "That's not what we artists want," he explained long afterward, in recalling the scene. "We want applause!"

A small incident which happened during this trip showed his one-way sense of humor. In a duel of improvisation with the well-known pianist, Himmel, Beethoven let the latter play for a time, then remarked: "But look here, when are you going to begin?" Himmel, furious, finally made it up with him, but resolved to get even. After Beethoven's return to Vienna the Berliner wrote that everybody was talking about the latest invention, a lamp for the blind. Swallowing the bait, Beethoven eagerly demanded more details, only to receive a coarse epistolary horse-laugh that filled him with unforgiving rage.

The fourth piano sonata, in E flat[2] appeared in 1797. About this time Beethoven had collected around him a number of devotedly adoring friends: Carl Amenda, a young theological student and fiddler; Ignaz Schuppanzigh, the fat violinist whom he nicknamed "Mi-

1. Op. 5.
2. Op. 7.

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lord Falstaff;" Freiherr Nikolaus Zmeskall von Domanavecz, a Bohemian nobleman who wielded an agile violoncello bow and was only too happy to fetch and carry for such a man.

Like many others, Zmeskall was often so cringingly humble to his Master that the latter noted in his most famous love letter, "The humility of men to men,—it pains me."

But when the factotum took heart, and ventured so far from humility as to read the celebrity a lecture for his own good, it seemed to pain him still more. And he countered with: "Devil take you! I want to hear nothing of your moral ideas. Strength is the morality of men who show themselves superior to others, and it is mine."

Beethoven was now nearing twenty-eight, and his friends noticed that he began to lose the more quiet, retiring manner of his youth, and to assume a somewhat high tone. His enemies, and even others, began to call him conceited. Papa Haydn referred to him, with a twinkle, as "The Great Mogul."

If Beethoven was conceited, he entertained a more favorable opinion of himself than the facts would warrant. But did he?

One day in 1801, just after the opening of "The Creations of Prometheus," he met Haydn who caught hold of him and said: "I heard your ballet yesterday and liked it very much."

"Dear Papa," replied Beethoven, who could seldom resist a pun of any sort, "you are awfully good, but it's a long way from being a 'Creation.'"

Haydn was surprised by this answer. He was almost ruffled. After an awkward pause he responded: "True, it's no 'Creation.' What's more, I scarcely think it ever will be." And they parted with mutual embarrassment.

On his deathbed, nevertheless, Beethoven received two presents; a picture of Haydn's birthplace and the complete works of Handel. He cherished the former as a small boy cherishes a red tin submarine, and called out to a visitor: "See this little house; and in it such a great man was born!"

Of Handel he said: "To him I bow my knee!" Of himself he confessed: "It seems to me as though I hadn't written anything yet."

Such humility in genius strikes a sonorously sympathetic chord in the breasts of most of us. The truth seems to be that Beethoven overvalued himself less than most people do. On the other hand, as might be expected from a person of his intelligence, he undervalued himself less. As a general thing he saw himself neither smaller nor larger than he was—in other words, very much as we now see him a century after his death.

Like most intelligent and lower-class young men, Beethoven had socialistic ideas. "I wish," he wrote to Hofmeister, the publisher, "that things could be arranged differently in this world. There simply ought to be a central world-depot of the arts, where the artist need only bring his work in order to take what he requires."

BEETHOVEN AS A YOUNG MAN
From a miniature by Hornemann

Indeed, he had not been long in Vienna when, talking in this strain to a gentleman at Prince Lobkowitz's palace, he showed a vigorous realization of his own significance. He said he wished he could find some such person as Goethe and Handel had found, who would take over the right to publish all his compositions, and give him in return an income for life.

"My dear young man," responded the other, "you are neither a Goethe nor a Handel, and it is not likely that you will ever be; for such masters will not be born again."

Beethoven glared in silent wrath and Lobkowitz tried clumsily to placate him: "The gentleman did not mean to wound you. It is an established maxim, with which most men agree, that the present generation cannot possibly produce such mighty spirits as those who have already earned their fame."

"So much the worse, Your Highness," Beethoven retorted, "but with men who will not believe and trust in me because I am still unknown to universal fame, I cannot hold intercourse."

This was the man who ended a letter to Baron von Türkheim thus: "Good-by dear *Freiherr* and—remember that, though not in name, I too am a *Freiherr!!!*"[1] which anticipated a later remark when he took exception to the cheap ring sent him by the ruler of Prussia. "But realize," said a friend, "it is the present of a king." "I too am a king!" growled Beethoven.

It speaks vividly for the personal authority of the man that, in spite of taking such a high line, he managed to win and hold the sympathetic assent, or at least the forbearance, of so many of his more intelligent contemporaries. For at that time none of them could possible have realized in the Beethoven of the first period, one half of the greatness which we now find in him.

Even to us at this distance, however, the defects of his qualities are painfully apparent. He was frankly cynical enough to set down, black on white, a brutally utilitarian attitude toward certain devoted and apparently intimate friends. "I value them," he wrote, "merely by what they do for me . . . I regard them simply as instruments on which I play when I please."

In mitigation of this sentence let us take into account that none but a musical mind could associate on congenial terms with Beethoven, and that no other living musician was his equal. Spiritually he was of necessity a lonely man. But he was a kind and generous man, too, and usually tried to render good for good and service for service.

In fact, in his relations with humanity Beethoven knew little of the golden

1. One of Beethoven's puns. *Freiherr* means "baron" and, more literally, "free master."

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mean. He seldom played the tune of friendship upon the pedestrian and well-worn center of the keyboard. He was either evoking seraphic and ecstatic *Benedictus* harmonies from the loftiest strings, or at a bound was clawing furiously among the thickest, angriest bass notes. The vignette of the little girl with the little curl hits him off accurately.

Here are two epistles which he wrote on consecutive days in 1799 to his young friend, J. N. Hummel,[1] who later became well known as a composer:

"He is to keep away from me! He is a false cur and may the devil fly away with false curs.

Beethoven."

"Nazy of my heart! You are an honorable fellow and I now see that you were in the right. So come to me this afternoon. You will find Schuppanzigh too, and both of us will ruffle and shuffle and scuffle you to your heart's content. Here is a kiss from your

"Beethoven

"Alias, Sour Dumpling"

This pendulum movement ran through nearly all his correspondence with friends, moistened by the Jean-Paul-ine gush of the period. Talk of this kind would brand a man today as hopelessly sentimental. At the close of the Eighteenth Century it meant nothing of the sort.

A limited command over his emotions was surely natural in a highly temperamental person who had been brought up as a prodigy by a drunken father and a discouraged, overburdened mother. His sudden dramatic importance and authority as a twelve-year-old *cembalist,* and his intimate association with the actors and actresses of those days, could not have helped him materially toward self-control. Nor did he find any one who might have taught him to rule his spirit until, at seventeen, almost too late, he was admitted to the wholesome influences of the von Breuning circle.

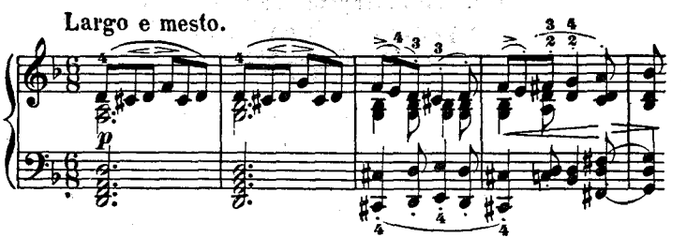
And so he grew up into a person forever alternating between the limits of an almost insane wrath and a correspondingly exaggerated penitence; between flashes of offensive hauteur and moments of sentimental, groveling humility; between the wastefulness of a man who has never known the value of money and the avarice of one who has never known its essential worthlessness; between the omniscience of a monster of resolution who will take no counsel from man, god or devil, and the invertebrate mushiness of a craven who cannot make up his own mind.

It must have been most uncomfortable for the human environment of this piece of incarnate quicksilver. None the less one thanks "whatever gods may be" that he was not as other folks. His very unexpectedness, his passionate intensity, though they made him almost impossible as a temporal friend to any individual, were powerful factors in forming him into the eternal friend of humanity. One reason why his music is many times more popular today than during his lifetime is that one never can foresee which way his fancy is going to dart. It is always vivid, always fresh, always surprising. One cannot outguess Beethoven.

He suffered from the disease known as dual personality. And both the Jekyll and the Hyde phases were high-powered.

His music itself is largely pure Jekyll. And this rhymes admirably with his sensitive, kind heart, his noble aspirations, his wide sympathy for greatness and goodness everywhere, the complete sportsmanlike celerity with which he often owned himself in the wrong, his steadfastness in adversity, his heroism and even good cheer under the rods of calamity.

Early in 1798, he suffered a shock that at first nearly prostrated him. With rapidly growing apprehension, he noticed that something was wrong with his hearing. For years he was to guard the trouble, so horrible to a musician, as a shameful and ridiculous secret.



His first impulse was to retire from the world and yield to despair. His next was to give battle.

Although it is nearly always poor psychology to look at an artist's works as a diary of his emotional life, the novelty and poignancy of the tragic note that now suddenly sounded in Beethoven's music makes it reasonable to suppose that this note was caused by his deafness and his consequent fight with himself. The writer is convinced that out of this battle came the most sublimely heart-breaking music the world had yet heard, the *Largo e mesto* of the D major piano sonata,[2] the first part of the *Sonate Pathétique*[3] and the *Adagio affettuoso ed appassionato* of the first string quartet.[4] This is indeed music eternally fit for the tragic parting of lovers—the parting of the music-maker from his noblest sense.[5]

If one motto could stand for the general cast of his spirit as he wrote this music, it might take form in a sentence from a letter about his deafness, written later, to his friend, Dr. Franz Wegeler: "I will seize fate by the throat; most assuredly it shall not get me wholly down—oh, it is so beautiful to live life a thousand-fold!"

In the *Sonate Pathétique*[6] it is possible to see, as one of a thousand equally valid interpretations, an epitome of the characteristic way in which Beethoven reacted to the menace of deafness. The introduction might well suggest a stricken wail; the first movement a grim fight for courage. The *Adagio cantabile* is one of the deepest and surest of all musical consolations in sorrow. And the *rondo-finale,* despite the minor key of its principal refrain, almost verges on gaiety.

In its idiomatic technical treatment of the keyboard, the *Pathétique* stands as the first truly modern sonata. Its predecessors sound to us today somewhat as if they had originally been written for string ensembles, and then arranged for harpsichord, clavichord or piano. No one but Mozart, in his fantasies in C major and C minor, had ever sounded anything like such pianistic depths as these.

This sonata is even more noteworthy as one of the first examples in Beethoven's work of an important device for which there is no adequate word in English. Not wishing to resort to foreign expressions, the writer has been driven to coin the term germ-motive, meaning a germinal phrase, cyclically used with more or

1. Frimmel (Beethoven Handbuch I, 229 and 235) thinks these letters were more probably addressed to Seyfried or Schuppanzigh. He has evidently overlooked the mention of Schuppanzigh in the second one. Thayer states positively that they were written to Hummel and preserved by him.
2. Op. 10, No. 3.
3. Op. 13.
4. Op. 18.
5. The whole superb series of piano sonatas, beginning with the C minor (Op. 10, No. 1) and only ending with the E flat (Op. 31, No. 3), when he had mastered the larger medium of the symphony, might be thought of as constituting at once his spirited diary and his armor against desperation.
6. Op. 13.

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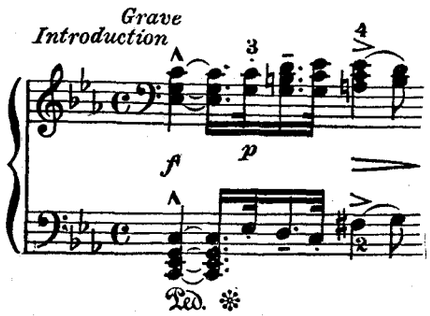
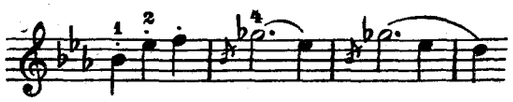
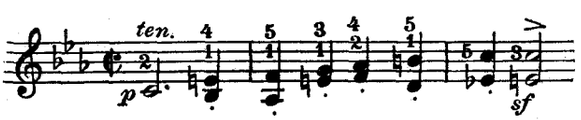
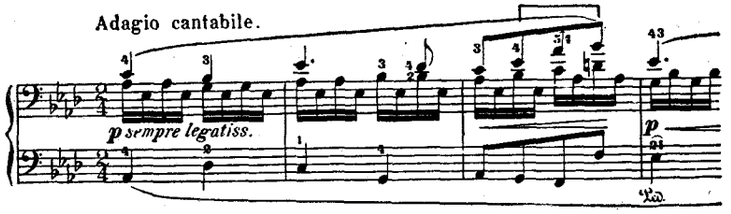
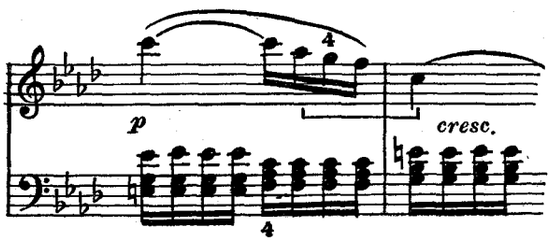
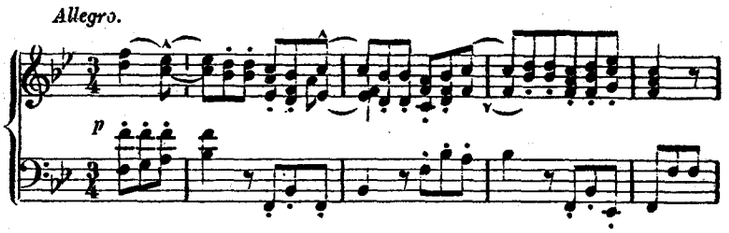
less disguise, to interlock the parts of a sonata or symphony into a unified whole. In developing this mechanism Beethoven fathered the *leitmotif* of Wagnerian music-drama. Such a device for securing musical economy and unity was all but unknown in that period. True, the idea of introducing the same or a similar phrase into different movements of a large work had already been sketchily put into operation by former composers. But, before the *Pathétique*[1] it had never been used systematically and on a large scale.

Its first appearance is impressive. Out of the C-D-E flat theme of the slow introduction is developed the B flat, E



flat, F flat, G flat of the second subject of the first movement—properly speaking, the *first germ-motive ever invented.*[2]

And even the first subject is faithful to the invention in all but the second of its

first five notes. The opening three notes of this motive appear (marked by a bracket) in the third bar of the *Adagio.*

The little tune comes again, turned end for end, in the second subject, while the



principal refrain of the closing *rondo* echoes it note for note—G-C-D-E flat—in the original key of the first movement.

Like most geniuses, Beethoven hungered and thirsted for perfection in his art, and never lost an opportunity to learn from a specialist. His position as a youthful fiddler in the orchestra at Bonn had lent him an unusual and invaluable insight into the characteristics and potentialities of the different instruments. This gave him an immense advantage over many of his successors who, like Moussorgsky, had so little of such practical experience, that, in actual performance, many of their orchestral effects are lost. His contact with Bernhard Romberg in Bonn, and later with Duport in Berlin, had allowed him to absorb from two of the leading virtuosos of their day the last word in up-to-date violoncello technic.

Now, in 1799, Dragonetti, the Paganini of the contrabass, visited Vienna. And Beethoven eagerly sought another opportunity to learn. The famous bassist came by invitation to call on the composer. Thinking to scare him, Beethoven proposed that they play his own G minor violoncello sonata. But Dragonetti negotiated the nimble passage work on his leviathan with the easiest dexterity. The composer's delight grew until, when the Italian failed to trip over the *arpeggio* stumbling blocks in the *rondo,* Beethoven surged up from the piano and enclosed man and bass in a bear hug which anticipated the comprehensive embracings of the Choral symphony.

In return he received inside information on technic which has ever since made operators of the Falstaffian fiddle perspire.

In these days, before his deafness had made him sour and suspicious, Beethoven could sometimes be cornered without a fatal explosion of temperament. He had small idea of the value of currency, but passed it out with both hands to indigent friends. Whenever the spirit moved him he changed lodgings and occasionally found himself in the position of paying for three or four sets of rooms at the same time. This encouraged financial crises.

One day he remarked to his crony, Amenda: "The rent is due, and I have no idea how to meet it."

"That's easy," said the resourceful Amenda. "Now here's a theme, *'Freudvoll und Leidvoll.'* Just you write some variations on it. I'm going to lock you in and you must have made a start when I come back."

In three hours Amenda opened the prison: "Well, have you started?"

A rather crusty Beethoven tossed over a paper, growling: "There's the rag!" (*"Da ist der Wisch!"*)

Amenda rushed it to the landlord. "Carry this to a music publisher. He will pay you well for it."

The incredulous landlord hesitated for a while, but hastened back exultant to inquire whether there were any more scraps of paper like that going begging. One shudders to think how rich Beethoven (who, as we shall see, was the real inventor of jazz) might have become if he had lived a century later, thirty-five hundred odd miles to the west, and had possessed a somewhat less rigorous artistic conscience.

Homely episodes like this, and other incidents to be told as our story goes on, are what confound the literary mythologists and the more fanciful painters and sculptors, who, sedulously suppressing all that they have considered trivial

(*Please Turn to Page 676*)

1. The popularity instantly won by the *Pathetique,* with its new structure, helped to lift the sonata from its rut and to establish the novel principle that this form should represent a logical organic unit, rather than be a more or less haphazard assemblage of four pieces. It prepared the way for such cyclic works as the Third, Fifth and Ninth symphonies. It stretched a hand down the years to give Berlioz his *idee fixe,* Loewe the motives that recur in his ballads and lend them such an epic quality, and to knit together the movements of Dvorak's *"New World,"* Tschaikowsky's Fifth and Franck's D minor symphonies.
2. Although Beethoven had recently used the same phrase, E-A-B-C, in his C Minor string trio (Op. 9, No. 3. *Adagio con espressione,* first subject).

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Trouble Under the Ground

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

NEW YORK CITY'S transit tangle, complicated as it is by legislation, contracts and ever-present politics, captured National interest through the ruling of the United States Supreme Court against the proposal of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company to increase the fare from five to seven cents.

The city's subway and elevated systems, the greatest local transportation machinery in the world, have long since made the strap-hanger a subject of compassion to himself and his countrymen. The Supreme Court's decision saves him $24,000,000 a year. Whether it gives him, eventually, some relief from the incredible congestion and brutality which he suffers mutely will be uncertain for some time. More immediate are the political results of this outcome to the fare squabble.

The Interborough, operating city-owned subways under contract, holds title to only $300,000 in real estate, office sundries of small value and operating equipment costing not more than $60,000,000. On this investment, after operating expenses, taxes and rentals to the city, its return annually from the subways is more than $17,000,000. The tapeworm of the system is the Manhattan Railway, owner of the elevated lines which have been leased for 999 years. Operating income, after expenses, of the Manhattan is little more than $4,000,000, before payment of rentals of $4,900,000 and interest on more than $300,000,000 of bonds. In spite of the Interborough's persistent campaign to turn patronage to the elevated lines, the ancient, dirty equipment of the "Open Air Route" and the limited express service facilities continue to drive away passengers into the already saturated subways.

Always pleading poverty, resisting at every step the efforts of the Transit Commission to enforce service up to the capacity of the system and to increase the capacity by the purchase of additional equipment and lengthening of train platforms, the Interborough launched its fight for the seven-cent fare in February, 1928, by filing notice of the new tariff with the Transit Commission. The commission delayed official action, but unofficially it was stated that no relief could be granted because of the contracts which it was believed held the I.R.T. to the five-cent fare. The Interborough immediately sought an injunction in the Federal District Court against any interference with establishment of a seven-cent fare. The same day the Transit Commission denied its authority to approve the new rate and sought an injunction in the State court to prevent violation of law by the I.R.T. The Federal Court granted the prayer of the Interborough, whose chief argument was that the five-cent fare was confiscatory. On appeal the case went to the Supreme Court.

The decision of the highest tribunal, though declaring that the lower Federal Court was without proper jurisdiction in the matter, launched into a discussion of the merits of the case, leaving small comfort for the Interborough's supporters. The I.R.T., it declared, had shown neither with fair certainty that the Transit Commission was taking some improper action regarding the new schedules nor that the five-cent fare was so low as to be confiscatory and the seven-cent fare reasonable. The claim for a fair return on subway property, which under the law is regarded as city streets, was declared unprecedented and the plea for consideration of the Manhattan elevated and the subways was disallowed.

With a final rebuke, the Supreme Court directed the return of the case to an orderly procedure through the State courts for the necessary interpretation of complicated legislation. Even if the case passes through these proper channels there is small hope warranted for a new and more favorable decision by the Supreme Court.

THE DECISION had a spectacular effect in Wall Street. "Wise" money was thrown into traction stocks when Justice McReynolds began to read the Court's opinion. Interborough common jumped five points. Then came one of those infrequent errors in the ticker news service. One of the two principal agencies which serve the financial world with a speed and a fierceness of competition unmatched elsewhere flashed the news: "Five-cent fare declared confiscatory." Less than half a minute later came the direction: "Please cancel," and the introductory matter of the decision was continued. But in those few seconds a woeful number of orders were piled into the Exchange. When the real adverse news was announced the shorts made a killing. Interborough fell twenty-five points in ten minutes.

THE RULING was a godsend to Mayor Walker, champion of the five-cent fare for better or for worse. Coming at a time when Tammany was leaderless and at odds over the naming of a new chief, when dissatisfaction with the dilatory policies of the present city administration was more than a whisper, and when ex-Mayor John F. Hylan was recruiting his forces for a return engagement on the five-cent fare issue, the reverse to the Interborough made Walker the hero of the hour. Whether or not he was at all responsible for the defeat of the I.R.T., that defeat cleared him of political charges that he was playing for the "interests," the Hylan bugaboo. He became the savior of the strap-hanger and as such his power with the party became immeasurably strengthened. His renomination for the mayoralty was taken out of the doubtful column, and his opponents' fire was dulled.

The dapper, dilatory, but unquestionably popular "chief executive of this great city" (as he so frequently refers to himself) is slated for another term as America's unofficial reception committee.

He has still a real opportunity for constructive transit work through the unification of the city subways, following completion of the new Eighth Avenue line which will be in direct competition with the Interborough's west-side route. Real executive ability will be needed to work out a unification plan in the absence of legislation giving unlimited draft on the city's treasury. Co-operation of the disgruntled Hedley management of the Interborough will not be the least of the worries of the sponsors of financial and physical consolidation of the various systems.

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The Trend of Events

Highballs on High Seas

THE Constitution does not follow the flag when the flag goes down to the sea in ships. The Eighteenth Amendment stays home. This is indicated by the decision of the United States Lines, Inc., to sell liquor on the Leviathan and other ships recently acquired from the Government. Prohibition Commissioner Doran, denying the corporation's right to sell for beverage purposes liquor carried in medical supplies, concedes its right to sell on the high seas stocks acquired in foreign ports or beyond the three-mile limit. Thus Americans may not legally purchase in their hotels what they may legally purchase in their floating hotels. Add another to the list of absurdities and incongruities under Jones-Volstead prohibition.

The Anti-Saloon League asserts that "undoubtedly" most Americans prefer a dry environment and that foreigners choose liners for speed, cheapness and comfort rather than for liquor service. More authoritative testimony to much the same effect comes from the veteran Captain Robert Dollar, of the Dollar Line. But officials of the United States Lines think differently. Competition is hot, it is a dollars and cents proposition, and they cannot afford to guess wrong. They have decided to make highballs while the sun shines.

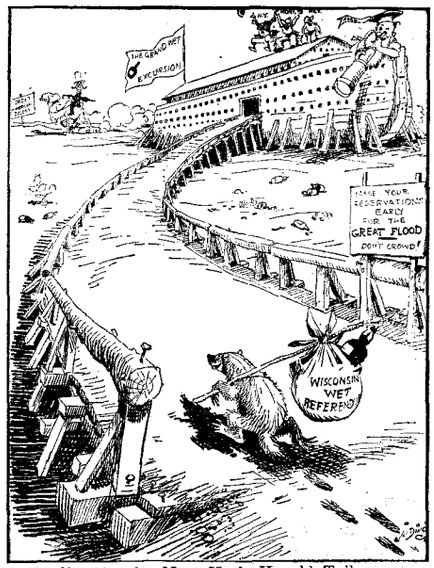
Which may not be for long. In 1923, the Supreme Court, refusing "to imply that Congress is without power to regulate" our ships on the high seas, apparently implied that Congress does possess this power.

A Congress as dry as the Seventy-first may seize the opportunity to extend the sphere of prohibition. We may witness the enactment of a Jones law, with maximum penalties of a $10,000 fine and five years in the brig, against liquor sales on shipboard.

Dawes London-Bound

APPOINTED as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Charles Gates Dawes takes his bows toward British as well as American applause. Even if Mr. Dawes is not the mirror of diplomacy, the answer to fears on this score is that today an Ambassador has more need of economics than of etiquette. Not that Mr. Dawes is really a stranger to diplomacy. Although he hailed the Senate by lambasting it for over-loquacity, and retracted not a whit in his farewell, he won the respect of the members by his just and adroit rulings.

London, flattered by the appointment of a former Vice President, knows Mr. Dawes and likes him. It also recognizes that his four years in Washington and his work as reparations expert have familiarized him with many international questions. It may not know that he has definite ideals on what a diplomat should be. It may not have read his plea that our diplomatic negotiations be carried on with courage, forbearance, patience and sympathy, without arrogance or snap judgments. Mr. Dawes can be trusted to aim himself at the standards he sets for others.



Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

The animals came in one by one

Cruiser Competition

ANGLO-AMERICAN naval rivalry almost certainly will be among the subjects with which Mr. Dawes will deal as Ambassador. Two years ago, a few days after the collapse of the British-American-Japanese disarmament conference, he expressed straightforward opinions on this question. "There is no excuse," he said, "for inaugurating a competition under which ships will be built which neither nation needs." Since then Great Britain and the United States, each with an eye cocked vigilantly at the other, have gone right on building cruisers, and denying emphatically that any hint of competition should be found in the process. And yet there are frequent signs that neither nation is happy in the situation.

It is well known that the two Governments are seeking a way out of the deadlock they fell into two years ago. There has been some hope that a basis for further British-American discussion on limiting the size and total tonnage of cruisers may be laid at the sessions of the deathless Preparatory Disarmament Commission, meeting at Geneva under League of Nations auspices. Few great expectations have been voiced regarding the Commission itself.

This body has been holding sessions on and off for three years in the attempt to formulate a programme for a general conference on reduction of land, sea and air armaments. So far it has been noteworthy chiefly for its indignation over the wicked Russian hint that it is wasting time and for its shudders over the impracticable Russian plan for complete disarmament. Doggedly the delegates have met; regularly they have emerged from verbose debates with nothing done.

Another three-power, perhaps five-power, conference seems to offer the only short road to further naval disarmament. The problem concerns Great Britain and the United States primarily. Sooner or later they will have to meet, thresh out their differences over 10,000-ton cruisers, make allowance for their differing needs and come to an agreement. They cannot forever continue to compete and deny it.

Two Non-Ambassadors

SINCE IT IS CERTAIN that Mr. Dawes will go to London, it is certain that former Governor Lowden of Illinois will not. Neither will former Governor Fuller of Massachusetts. Rounding out a vacation in Rome, Mr. Lowden denied being a candidate for a diplomatic post. He was going back to America, he said, to be a farmer again. Often such denial of a rumor closely precedes confirmation. It would be gratifying to have it so in this instance. Though his Presidential aspirations consistently come to naught, Mr. Lowden has a taste for public service and the capacity to perform it ably. He might well be re-

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quested to serve on the central board which presumably will be established to administer the farm-relief bill to be passed at this session of Congress.

As for Mr. Fuller, he has no yearning for an appointive place. "It is an elective place that has the attraction," he says. He is "opening the door" to the Republican nomination for United States Senator. This will be his first race for office since the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and it remains to be seen what effect, if any, that case will have on his ordinarily strong vote-pulling powers. Just now the only contender on the Democratic side is John F. Fitzgerald. "Honey Fitz" does not look like an unconquerable candidate, despite his ability to sing "Sweet Adeline" more sweetly than could any other Mayor Boston ever had.

Coolidge in Insurance

SETTING AJAR the door to his own nomination, Mr. Fuller makes it reasonably certain that Mr. Coolidge will disregard the urgent pleas of the "Boston Transcript" and refuse to run for Senator. It is hard to imagine Mr. Coolidge's entering a primary campaign against Mr. Fuller. He renounces politics for literature and business. Having demonstrated that he is no tyro with pen and ink, he follows the route into insurance taken many years ago by Grover Cleveland and more recently by Governor Smith, director of the Consolidated Indemnity and Insurance Company, and of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Mr. Coolidge will be a director of the New York Life Insurance Company.

In this company's brand new skyscraper, the former Chief Executive will be no mere window dressing. As member of the committee charged with maintaining "human contacts" between the company and its thousands of agents, he should make good use of his administrative and diplomatic talents.

Having borne off the valuable Coolidge stamp of approval on life insurance, the New York Life officials are delighted. Persuasively, they say that the Coolidge decision "testifies to the fact that life insurance is a high type of public service." "Service" is becoming a cant word, but it cannot be refused a place in evaluations of life insurance organizations. Mr. Coolidge is close to the mark, as well as being his familiar Vermont self again, when he writes that life insurance is "the most effective instrumentality for the promotion of industry, saving and character ever devised."

"Collegians" in College

THE W. C. T. U. seeks to pin its white ribbon on the coonskin coat. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, its president, convinced that there is much drinking in American colleges and universities, announces one of those oft-tested campaigns to persuade a million young men and women to sign the pledge.

It is no secret that her conviction has some basis in fact. Recent news items dealing with drinking at such widely separated institutions as the Universities of Vermont and of Virginia probably have not escaped her attention.

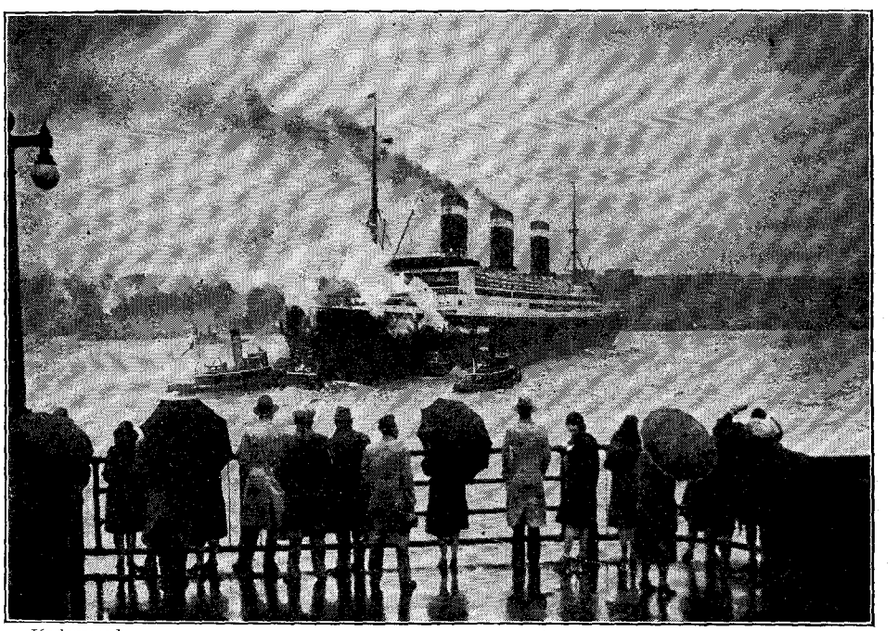
But though men of college age tend to drink too much, they do not drink often. Those who conceive of the average undergraduate as an addict of the bottle should divert their attention from the cartoon to the campus. Many undergraduates are teetotalers. Asked the blunt question, "Do you drink?" seventy-one seniors at Columbia University answer "Yes;" sixty-one answer "No." A noteworthy number of abstainers, considering the age of the respondents.

From the size of his thirst to the size of his trouser cuffs, the college man is quite unlike the cartoonist's conception of him. Henry Grattan Doyle, dean at George Washington University, emphasizes this, after examining the replies of hundreds of college deans and presidents to a questionnaire. Frequently, they agree, it is the non-collegian who is "collegiate." The average bona fide collegian is not a gin-guzzler. He is not a rumpled-collared, bad-mannered and garterless playboy. His haircut is neat, his linen clean, his flivver unmarked by chalked wisecracks. He deprecates the one or two per cent of his "collegiate" fellows.

The deans and presidents possess the advantage of having observed a sufficient number of college men to make their generalizations valuable. It is an advantage apparently shared by few of the many who, wondering at the worth of higher education, give heed to a few stories, recall occasional headlines and pessimistically fill in the rest of the picture to match.

Wholesale Indictments

WHATEVER THE REASON, the American citizen, as reflected by his courts and legislative bodies, seems ever more inclined to regard his public officials with tongue in cheek and thumb at nose. In Louisiana, impeachment proceedings against young Governor Long are well under way. In Oklahoma, the lower House has sent three members of the Supreme Court to the panting Senate for trial. In Florida, Ex-Governor Catts, protesting that "it's all a frame up," is charged with aiding a counterfeiting ring. "They've tried to get me



Underwood

A NEW CHAPTER IN AMERICAN SHIPPING ANNALS

The Leviathan puts to sea flying the house flag of her new owner, Paul W. Chapman. She was the first of the United States Line's ships to be turned over to private ownership

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nineteen times before," Mr. Catts declares. This time "they" seem to be more serious-minded about it.

In Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Johnstown has been fined and sentenced to jail, having been convicted of extortion, perjury, conspiracy, misdemeanor in office and keeping a gambling house. His case will be carried to the Superior Court. In New York, Federal Judge Winslow, threatened with possible impeachment, recently resigned. In the same State, Federal Judge Moscowitz has been the subject of a closed investigation by a Congressional committee, empowered to recommend that he be impeached, rebuked or exonerated. In California, the Senate has been weighing the case of impeached Judge Hardy. Prosecutors have attempted to show that Judge Hardy, sitting on the bench of the Superior Court, received a fee from Aimee Semple McPherson, Four-Square evangelist, for advice rendered while a grand jury was considering her "kidnapping" story three years ago.

Possibly it is a mere coincidence that these and other cases should have come to the fore almost simultaneously. Or possibly the public is reacting from its wartime and post-wartime attitude, when it regarded its makers, interpreters and enforcers of law a bit too reverentially. At any rate, the movement on the whole is a healthy one; it should persuade some dubious officials to mind or mend their ways. But at best impeachments and trials provide a left-handed method of discouraging dishonesty and incompetence in public servants. Obviously it is more sensible to elect or appoint honest and competent officials in the first place.

▸▸*Everybody Up*

ONLY TRIPLE-DYED SKEPTICS can doubt that transportation is taking to the air. At the All-American Aircraft Show in Detroit signs large and small indicated that we shall soon be looking upward for our traffic problems.

It is true that spectators did not visit the Detroit show in the spirit of potential purchasers, as they visit automobile shows. They preferred to stay outside and thrill at demonstration flights by famous aviators. There is still much to be accomplished before the airplane will be domesticated for general private use.

For one thing, prices will have to come well down within four figures. Appropriately enough, the Ford Motor Company makes overtures in this direction, announcing reductions ranging from $7,000 to $10,000 on its most powerful ships, and doubtless other makers will follow this lead. Noting that 104 kinds of plane were exhibited at the show, Mr. Ford predicted that before long aircraft manufacturers will consolidate and there will be fewer types—another move toward price reduction.

Furthermore, air travel must be made safer. To this end, the General Electric Company offers a miraculous device, invented by Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, by which pilots flying in blinding fog may be warned against colliding with obstacles on the earth's surface.

The question of making aircraft more practicable never ceases to interest the Government and the airplane manufacturers. The War Department has been conducting successful experiments with ethylene-glycol, a new cooling liquid which would permit radiators to be reduced to one fourth their present size. Taking a shrewd look ahead, the Post Office Department is considering flat roofs for new post offices to allow the landing of planes.

It is interesting to note that we lead all other nations in the production of aircraft; 4,600 American planes were built in 1928. While air travel for a number of years has been more general abroad than in this country, in the manufacture and marketing of planes American business methods make themselves felt. Already sport-model planes are being advertised directly to individual consumers. More or less complete air-consciousness cannot be far behind.

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THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE OF AMERICA'S GOLFING ARMY

The Ryder Cup Team sets sail for England. Left to right standing: Edward Dudley, Al Watrous, Gene Sarazen, John Golder, Al Espinosa and Johnny Farrell. In front, Horton Smith, Captain Walter Hagen, Joe Turnesa and Leo Diegel

▸▸*Skyscraper Art*

MEANWHILE, as though to draw eyes ever more steadily upward, city skylines grow craggier. It is a short-lived distinction, that of being the world's tallest building. In New York City recently work was started on the Chrysler Building, which will overtop the 792-foot Woolworth Tower by seventeen feet. Now plans have been completed for the Bank of Manhattan Building, a magnificent, pointed structure in modernized French Gothic style which will measure 840 feet.

It is not much more than thirty years since Louis Sullivan, Chicago architect, conceived the idea of stretching a building upward instead of outward. Yet in this time America has developed a unique and arresting architecture. It is significant that most foreigners confess their interest in our skyscrapers as a reason for wanting to visit America. In his article in the April 10 issue of the Outlook and Independent, St. John Ervine, returning to England after a winter in New York, spoke of the flood-lighted head of the lofty New York

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Central Building as a sight that would live in his memory forever.

Though it is in New York, because of congestion in the downtown districts, that the new form of architecture has had its most rapid development and has reached it fullest fruition, it is by no means limited to one city. Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and a score of smaller cities are rapidly assembling skylines of their own. To the riveter's racket and the groan of the derrick grows apace what bids fair to become America's greatest contribution to the arts.

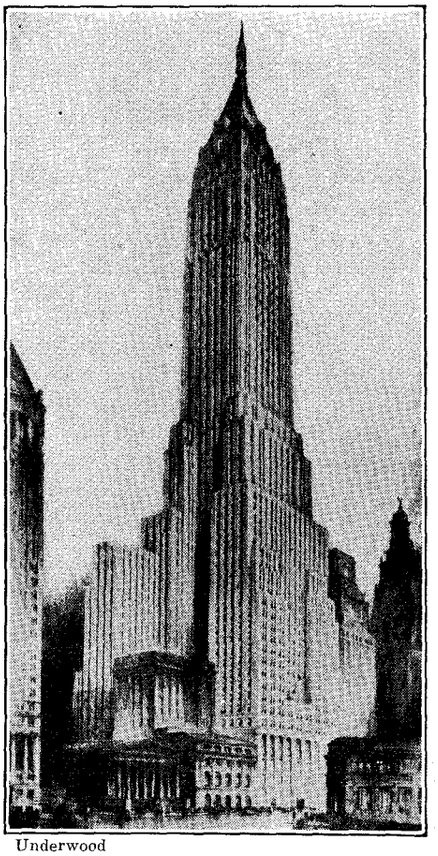
German Reparations

HAVING CREATED a financial organization to handle German reparations, the Young committee of experts tackled the job of determining how much Germany should pay annually and all told. If Germany held out $10,000,000,000 in cash, France, Belgium, Great Britain and Italy would gladly pocket the money and call it square. But Germany must pay her debt in installments spread over half a century. Hence, her creditors demand the ten billions plus interest over fifty-eight years, or about twenty-four billions.

Like the Dawes committee, the experts evolved a sliding scale of payments rising from about 420 millions to about 575 millions annually. Unlike the Dawes scale, which, arriving at an annuity of 600 millions, remained there indefinitely, this scale slides down as well as up. After thirty-seven years, the annuity again would become approximately 420 millions, and after the fifty-fourth year would split in half.

Premier Poincaré, who once tended to be something of a last-red-center, may grieve to reflect that the total of twenty-four billions is about a fifth of the sum demanded by the Allies just before the Versailles Peace Conference, and that, while it certainly will not be more, it may be less before the experts adjourn. There is irony in the fact that, despite the pressure exerted on Germany in recent years to make her pay up, twenty-four billions is a full billion less than she herself offered at Versailles.

This plan represents a victory for the Allies, since it would give them a reasonably assured income in exchange for the temporary and uncertain Dawes Plan. But it obviously represents a victory for Germany also. It was to be expected that Dr. Schaacht, German expert, would call the plan "a surprise and shock," would be "absolutely decided" to seek a better bargain, and would find the Dawes Plan infinitely preferable. But, patently, from the German point of view it should not be considered preferable, since the maximum annuity under the new plan is smaller than the annuity Germany is paying now, since Allied demands probably will not soften radically in the next several years and since under the present Dawes Plan Germany must go right ahead paying annuities, not for fifty-eight years as under the new experts' plan, but ad infinitum.



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TIP-TOP SKYSCRAPER

Architect's drawing of the 64-story building of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, to be erected on Wall Street as the highest of New York's skyscrapers

Gas Tax Triumphant

EVERY STATE in the Union now imposes a tax on gasoline used in motor vehicles. Massachusetts, Illinois and New York were the last to swing into line. The Massachusetts tax became effective last January. The first Illinois law was frowned on by the courts; the second, establishing a rate of three cents a gallon, with an estimated income of $20,000,000 annually, has been approved and will be collected after July 31. The New York tax of two cents, expected to produce about $25,000,000 a year, will go into effect next month.

Here is a paradox—a popular tax. No State, having adopted a gasoline tax, has repealed it. Though the levies, starting at two cents, range as high as five cents a gallon, no State, having fixed a rate, has reduced it.

Advocates, on the other hand, have many talking points. The tax is easily collected, it is not a nuisance, it falls on many but on no one unable to bear it, and it is heavy or light in proportion to use of the roads. Yet in the very sanity of the levy there is an element of danger. Its popularity invites attempts to boost it sky-high and expend its revenue for purposes other than its fundamental one. Gas tax receipts should be employed solely for the construction and maintenance of highways.

Lizzie Borden Again

WHEN WORKMEN, razing the barn on the Borden property at Fall River, Massachusetts, came upon a rusty old axe in the loft, the Nation pricked up its ears. Was this the weapon with which the never-solved double murder was committed? Was this the missing link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which might have convicted Lizzie Borden?

Few Americans need prompting on the famous crime of August 4, 1892, said by Edmund Pearson to be "without parallel in the criminal history of America." To most newspaper readers of middle age or more, it is an unforgettable memory.

Because of the popular interest in the literature of mystery and crime detection the Borden affair within the last few years has been rediscovered and retold along with other blood-curdlers of yesteryear.

Andrew J. Borden and his wife were murdered by some sharp instrument, presumably an axe or hatchet. Circumstances pointed accusingly at Lizzie Borden, Mr. Borden's daughter by a former marriage. But where was the weapon? None was ever produced. While dinner tables throughout the country divided over the question of her innocence or guilt, while the obscure little town of Fall River seethed with sob journalists exploiting the "unfortunate girl," Lizzie was tried and acquitted. She lived quietly in her native

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town the rest of her days and died there about two years ago.

Though the report of the Harvard chemistry department, where the newly-discovered axe was sent to be examined for traces of blood, could have no legal significance, it holds widespread interest, none the less. Ours, at the moment, is a Nation of mystery-story enthusiasts to whom an unsolved murder is unthinkable. We like our crimes dastardly, but we prefer that the criminal be caught and trussed on the last page so that we may close the book and get some sleep.

▸▸*Curtis Under Kleig Lights*

RAP, WENT THE Curtis gavel on April 10—the gavel with which the Vice President summons to attention what he has called "one of the greatest actual and potential powers for the promotion and advancement of civilization," or, in other words, the United States Senate.

Mr. Curtis, it is true, did not officially wield the gavel until five days later when the special session of Congress opened. His earlier appearance was a dress rehearsal. Instead of the "august body" which he lauded so feelingly in his inaugural address, he had before him only a handful of news-reel men and a corps of janitors; the storied chamber was illumined, not by the radiance of Senatorial wisdom and truth, but by kleig lights.

The earnest desire of reel producers to present "spot" news as promptly as possible appears to be leading them, whenever advance staging is feasible, to give, not news at all, but a general impression of what the news looks like. Thus on April 16 movie-goers could see an event which happened on April 15 but had been photographed on April 10. That's enterprise.

▸▸*Last of the Oil Cases*

THE LEGAL AFTERMATH of the oil scandals draws to an end. Victories were recorded for the Government when in two civil cases it recovered the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome properties from oil operators Doheny and Sinclair. The other cases have had mixed results. Doheny, Sinclair and former Interior Secretary Fall, charged with conspiring to defraud the Government, were acquitted. But when jurors were shadowed in his behalf Sinclair was convicted of contempt of court and sentenced to six months in jail. This case has been appealed and is scheduled to be heard before the United States Supreme Court before this appears.

Whatever the outcome, Sinclair evidently must go to jail for three months on another count. Five years ago he refused to answer questions put to him by the Senate Public Lands Committee, taking the advice of counsel that in asking them the committee exceeded its rights. The Supreme Court now upholds the committee and affirms the conviction of Sinclair in 1927 for contempt of the Senate.

Underwood

HARRY F. SINCLAIR

The Supreme Court has decreed that he must spend the summer in jail

One sentence sticks out of the decision —"no moral turpitude is involved" this time. Sinclair scarcely could have expected the point to be emphasized. Like Vera, lately belabored Countess of Cathcart, the principals in the oil scandals are seldom far separated in the public mind from "moral turpitude."

▸▸*"Just Through with It"*

GENERAL ASTONISHMENT greeted the report that Marion Talley, after this season, will abandon her career. General incredulity met her statement that she is "just through with it—that's all." The public is accustomed to prima-donna good-byes, but not when the ladies are in their twenties. It is also accustomed to women who change their minds. "Farewell" announcements are apt to be repetitious.

Singing is commonly assumed to become a natural and inevitable part of life to a concert star. Caruso, it is said, remarked that he would have to sing whether he were paid for it or not; Schumann-Heink forgets her years and tours on. Yet Miss Talley states that she has finished with singing forever. She will buy a farm and learn to run it.

> Nine bean rows will I have there,
> A hive for the honey bee,
> And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

At the age of fifteen, she came out of Kansas City for a phenomenally successful audition before dignitaries of the Metropolitan Opera. In her début at the Metropolitan—at nineteen, in the rôle of Gilda in "Rigoletto"—she created a sensation, one which she could duplicate only by retiring, as she now does, or says she does, at the age of twenty-two.

▸▸*Mexican Revolt at an End*

THE BLOW that took the life out of the Mexican revolution was delivered at La Reforma, during the retreat of Rebel General Escobar's troops from Jiminez —"the tragic march," as it is being called in Mexico. When it was learned that 700 of their fellows had been slain and many others wounded or captured at La Reforma, the rebels lost heart. Not long afterwards, the remaining rebel units in Sonora made their offer of surrender.

While the rebellion may leave effects in the form of increased outlawry, it cannot be long before tranquillity is restored throughout Mexico. This must be a satisfying fact for most friends of Mexico to contemplate. There is room for a healthy Opposition in Mexico, but, if Mexico is to prosper, Oppositionist maneuvers must be performed on the floor of Congress rather than on the field of war. Whatever may be said against the policies of the party in power, it is less important for Mexico to acquire a better Government than to lose the habit of revolt. Nor is it likely that Mexico would have been better governed if the

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revolutionaries had succeeded. Essentially the war represented merely the attempts of "outs" to get in and of "ins" to stay in.

"The Huerta rebellion was crushed while Obregon was President. The Gomez-Serrano uprising was snuffed out under Obregon's successor, Calles. This hydra-headed revolt comes to its end under the successor of Calles, Portes Gil. The abject failure of three revolutions in as many administrations should go far toward discouraging the Mexican custom of settling most major and some minor disputes by force of arms.

Our Films in France

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN film dispute, though in the main a gentlemanly disagreement, has produced firmness in both camps. A year ago, when French producers protested against our flooding of their market, a quota was established whereby one French film was to be bought by an American distributor for every seven American films distributed in France. Now the French industry wants, not a seven-to-one, but a three-to-one quota. This, say American distributors, would make it no longer worth while to do business in the French field.

Protesting against arbitrary European restrictions on films, the United States Government has held that in the interest of good pictures international exchange should be as free as possible and that markets should be limited solely by the product's merit. The French industry responds that, without the boost provided in the three-to-one quota, it is in danger of failure.

Our Government rests its case partly on the half-truth that we make no corresponding restriction on the importation of foreign films. But it is hardly ignorant of the fact that foreign films are not serious competitors over here. If they were—well, in time of need we are rarely diffident at employing tariff protection. It is only fair to recognize the quota system as the protective tariff's half-sister.

The French producers, on the other hand, rest their case on the *non sequitur* that, if American films are more closely restricted, French films will be better patronized. They may or may not be. If the Frenchman finds his movie theatre consistently unentertaining he may form the habit of staying away.

At this time and distance neither side seems to have a monopoly on strong or weak arguments. The problem should yield to intelligent and friendly arbitration.

The Week's Press Opinion

CHARLES CURTIS and Mrs. Gann, Henry L. Stimson, Harry Sinclair and Charles G. Dawes have provided for editorial writers some respite if not surcease from their recent rather feverish condition. Joyously they have welcomed the opportunity for the lighter touch of pen or typewriter that is afforded by the social ambitions of the Vice President's hostess, by the astute diplomatic *coup* of the Secretary of State, by the vision of the rich oil man in jail, and by the prospect of an underslung pipe at the Court of St. James's.

If the Vice President has triumphed, victory is his only at the price of not always gentle ridicule. The former jockey must now bear the reproach of having "turned dude." That this member of the Kaw tribe of Indians should have taken to the warpath to get for his half-sister a status at Washington dinner tables above that of Ambassadors' wives fills the unregenerate among the editors with astonishment and mirth. "Bless thee, thou art translated!" is the substance of their delighted cry. Partisanship is forgotten in the praise accorded to Mr. Stimson for his sagacity in loading the momentous decision on the shoulders of the diplomatic corps, and letting Mrs. Gann sweep up to the head of the procession not by virtue of any American ukase but by the gracious act of our guests, the representatives of foreign sovereigns. Of course this skilful pass by the present Secretary of State at one stroke avoids the reversal of his predecessor's pronouncement, saves the face of the Vice President, puts his sister where she wanted to be, diverts the criticism of the superseded ladies, places the diplomatic corps in a rosy light and marks Mr. Stimson as a diplomat of great resourcefulness. Only Mr. Gann, husband *de facto* and *de jure*, is left unprovided for. Upon him pour the mingled commiserations and congratulations of the press—commiserations for being what Prince William of Orange refused to be, "gentleman usher to his wife," and congratulations that he can sit where he likes.

If tears of joy fall from editorial eyes at this episode of social Washington, no tears of sympathy splash on editorial desks or salt the works of editorial typewriters at the fate accorded by the Supreme Court to Harry Sinclair. This is not because the press is jealous of the dignity of the Senate, though there is satisfaction expressed at the fact that the highest court in the land has supported the Senate's authority; it is rather because the press can thus express its contempt for the conduct of a man who has from beginning to end of the Teapot Dome affair shown his contempt for Senate, courts, his fellow man and the common requirements of good citizenship. The Supreme Court has upheld the law in every instance in which it has had the chance to pass upon the Teapot Dome deal and its *sequelæ* and has at last reversed the popular decision that you cannot convict a million dollars. The hope is expressed that in the common jail he will be treated like any other prisoner—and this does not mean flowers.

There is joy, too, in the sanctums of the daily press at the picture which rises in editorial minds of the gruff and

Remarkable Remarks

The Lucy Stone League does not accost people.—RUTH HALE.

School girls should be either dressed or undressed; half measures are poor measures.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The American people have got so used to quacks in high office that they have come to feel uneasy in the presence of honest men.—H. L. MENCKEN.

Congress can do anything it chooses.—SENATOR HEFLIN.

Why not reach for a Bible instead of a Smoke? — REV. RUSSEL BROUGHER.

We cannot consecrate our Church until it is paid for.—REV. HENRY DARLINGTON.

Kisses are just the meringue on the lemon pie of matrimony.—DOROTHY DIX.

College athletes kick the bucket much sooner than men who are non-athletes.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

The only musical instrument I play is the typewriter.—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

The man is rare who tells his wife everything that happened before he met her.—GILDA GRAY.

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hearty General Dawes at the Court of King George. Mark Twain's Yankee at King Arthur's Court is hardly more picturesque, but he suggests to editorial writers no parallel; for universally it is expected that the former Vice President, out of his abundant experience, will know what is fitting—and will please the English without failing to represent the true interests of his own country. He will keep alive in American diplomacy the spirit of the American common man; and he is rich enough to pay the bills that this democratic country undemocratically requires its envoys to pay from their own pockets.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHAT must the unostentatious Quaker in the White House, as he strips his own ménage of yachts, riding horses, official spokesmen and other symbols of social and political prestige, think of all the furore over drawing-room precedent raised by the Vice President? It is our guess that the President is amused as well as chagrined by the whole affair. It would not be surprising if he suffers a twinge of regret that he did not hold out longer against the suggestion that Curtis be named as his running-mate. We recall that the sensitive Mr. Hoover, when Curtis's name was proposed for second place, found it hard to forget that the Kaw from Kansas had previously urged the party not to nominate a man for whom it would have to apologize before the voters. Mr. Curtis mentioned no names, but Mr. Hoover shared our knowledge of who was meant.

Now, less than two months after the honeymoonish inauguration, the unapologetic "Charlie," as we irreverently refer to him, gives a touch of Eighteenth Century comedy to the dignified Mr. Hoover's Administration and raises a rumpus which, despite the Stimson-Howard Armistice, may create a spirit of soreness and recrimination among those two important and powerful groups in the Capital's social and political set—the dowagers and the diplomats. It may strike the hinterland as only a tempest in a couple of teacups, but it is serious business to a new President seeking co-operation from everybody.

Even though the incident provokes no feud such as shattered the peace of the Jacksonian era, when Peggy Eaton's popularity at the White House infuriated aristocratic matrons of the Capital, we fear this may be one of the things that will distract public attention from the holier and higher adventures to which the President would beckon us. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, with her rough-and-ready prohibition enforcement methods, has already done a little distracting of her own, and now comes Mrs. Dolly Gann to lead us from the pathway of progress.

We do not mean to imply that we condemn Mr. Curtis for his demand that his half-sister outrank the wives of ministers and diplomats. The custom of other countries may be against the Vice President, but we share the view of those who think that ex-Secretary Kellogg might have applied the rule of reason. Moreover, we are informed that the origin of the trouble sprang from the dislike and jealousy of Mrs. Gann felt by the ladies of the Senate. It was they, we recall, who first stirred up the social lobby when they declined to elect Mrs. Gann as president of their club. It was they, in our opinion, who inspired and strengthened the nervous Kellogg in his decision that the Vice President's sister must sit at the foot of the banquet board.

Rose in The Boston Herald

Study hour in Washington

We understand that Mr. Curtis shares this suspicion. It may be, as we hear, that Mrs. Gann lobbied quite openly for the office, that harsh words passed, and that she has conducted herself in a rather aggressive manner since her brother's election. But we think Kellogg should have taken a broader view than the Senate ladies, even though his wife is an honorary member of the exclusive Senatorial club.

Curtis is a reasonable fellow, and, in our opinion, Kellogg could have called him to the State Department for a quiet conference and reached an amicable agreement. We cannot understand why Kellogg was so willing to make public his ruling on Mrs. Gann, since he was never a believer in publicity. But what we think we dislike most, despite our amusement over the whole affair, is the fact that Mr. Kellogg has furnished our friends across the seas with another weapon of ridicule for use against poor Uncle Sam. Foreign correspondents stationed here, we are told, have been instructed by their home offices to spare no expense—and cabled stories cost money—in keeping the European public informed on our latest and noblest experiment in democracy. We may imagine it, but we can almost hear Mr. Kellogg's hosts in London, Paris and Rome chuckling at the predicament into which his last official act plunged the Hoover Administration.

Social events seem to occupy us almost exclusively of late. We still hear conflicting versions of "Ned" McLean's decision never more to serve liquor at his famous breakfasts. Friends of the publisher-sportsman and man-about-town inform us he has not become a white-ribboner. His motive, we are told, was a high but not a holy one. There were five members of the Hoover Cabinet at McLean's Easter breakfast, and since Mr. Hoover has asked his official household not to forget "the experiment noble in motive," the host did not care to cause them the embarrassment of drinking or declining a drink; he feared, we are told, that they would be damned as hypocrites if they did and if they didn't.

While this was a gesture of righteousness that may not pass unnoticed at the White House, we understand that at least one of Mr. McLean's guests did not appreciate it. We hear that when a thunderstruck guest remarked to a Republican leader of the Senate that "This is indeed an epochal event," the thirsty Senator grunted in reply:

"It may be epochal but it's damn' uninteresting."

A. F. C.

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Our Growing Knowledge of Man

An Editorial

AN ENDEAVOR to account for man's origin has been universal. Study of the myths and beliefs of different peoples shows that there was no tribe, no ethnic group, no religious unit, that did not have some theory, however crude, as to how man came into existence. And before science came in, once an idea became set in any group, it constituted a dogma which effectively stopped or greatly retarded further thought in that direction. Religious dogmas, being directly associated with the deities (revelations), became particularly powerful. Had it not been for the Biblical account, especially, current thoughts about man's origin and his knowledge of himself as well as that of the rest of the living nature, would have developed much earlier.

An analysis of the conceptions reached on the subject before the advent of the scientific period, shows that the numerous forms group themselves into three main classes. They are: (1) wholly thaumaturgic, or (2) partly supernatural and partly natural, or (3) essentially natural.

The first class of theories regard man's origin as due to purely supernatural agencies and means, without speculating as to the details. Many of the anthropogenies of primitive tribes of today, together with those of some of the earlier Greeks, earlier Romans, and one of the versions of the Genesis, are or were of this nature.

The second class of views is subdivisible into two series. In the first, common to the Egyptians, all the Semitic peoples of Asia Minor, some of the Greeks (the Hephæstus myths) and to the second version of the Genesis, man's body is made of earthly materials (clay, bone, blood, etc.), with the life and soul added supernaturally. In the second subclass of these beliefs, common to some of the American Indians and others, man originates supernaturally from subterranean or recently emerged mythical birds or other animal forms.

The third, naturalistic, or scientific category of theories may again be separated into two subclasses. The first, held by some of the early Greek and other philosophers, such as Aristotle, and surviving largely to this day, teach a natural, evolutionary origin of the body, but believe in a distinct and higher origin of the "soul;" while the others claim an evolutionary origin of all man's attributes, physical and intellectual. The great difficulty in both these lines is the lack of a definition of the concept of "soul." Man has never known clearly and does not know yet just what is his "soul."

From the earliest time this third class of views as to man's origin differed widely from both preceding ones in being based on actual observation. In the beginnings, in the time of Anaximander and his followers, the observations were limited, imperfect and empirical; but men were gradually recognizing the close analogies between man and the rest of the organisms which surrounded him in the world.

True scientific observations by learned men, however, and deductions on the problem of human origin began during the latter parts of the Eighteenth Century, and hence long before Charles Darwin. They attended on one hand the work of the anatomist and physiologist, on the other that of the naturalist and the geologist-paleontologist.

Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, Goethe, Treviranus, Gall, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and a good number of others, headed eventually by Lamarck, and later Wallace, precede Charles Darwin; but it is the latter who, in 1871, in his "Descent of Man," gives the first comprehensive treatise on the subject.

Buffon, Erasmus Darwin (grandfather of Charles) and above all Lamarck, explained evolution by a gradual inheritance of "acquired characters" or structural adaptations, brought forth by environmental conditions. For Charles Darwin and his close followers, the essential factor in evolution, human or animal, was "natural selection" or, as Herbert Spencer termed it, the "survival of the fittest," working with the normal variation of every organism and of every part. Organisms vary; they also increase in numbers; the numerical increase leads to competition and struggle for existence; and in this struggle the most "fit" and best adapted to their environment survive and advance the group in their direction.

Since Lamarck and Darwin, the theory of human origin by evolution has been generally accepted by scientific men and enriched by a whole realm of observations and proofs, until what had originally been a theory has become one of the best documented pages of human knowledge.

At present, the essentials of man's origin through evolution are established facts. Still uncertain are many of the details of the highly complex processes involved, the exact sources from which man developed and the causes and ways of his differentiation; but these do not affect the soundness of the main conclusion.

Meanwhile science is endeavoring to solve more definitely the many still more or less obscure by-problems of human evolution. The efforts are partly a patient intensive search for additional material evidence, partly speculation. It is the latter that is responsible for the various theories as to man's precise ancestry, the exact time of man's appearance, the true cradle-land of humanity and the actual modes of human evolution; theories that, because of their variance, are by many mistaken for uncertainties of the main subject. It is such differences that may be seen in the recent writings of Osborn, Gregory, Clark and others. They depend on the basis and angle from which the still imperfectly explored field is contemplated and on other individual conditions. Similar human gropings after truth, before it has been fully revealed in material facts, are common to all branches of science. They are the useful "working hypotheses" of science, lasting until they are shown to be erroneous, or until replaced by better conceptions. They help toward the eventual reaching and crystallization of human knowledge.

Already, however, the cultured man and woman are becoming less curious about their remote ancestors, less concerned about the past, and are directing their attention to the next problems, which are man's further differentiation in the present, with the promises and indications for the future.

Ales Hrdlicka

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Dr. Hrdlicka, is curator of anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Henry Norris Russell of Princeton University, will be the next contributor

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America's Future in the Arts

By FEODOR CHALIAPIN

As told to SULAMITH-ISH-KISHOR

Feodor Chaliapin has announced that he will not sing in opera again in this country—a decision, however, which does not include all professional appearances. Before sailing for Europe he set down this penetrating but genuinely hopeful view of the development of the arts in America. This is the only article which Mr. Chaliapin has ever written for an American magazine

I HAVE been asked to write what I think about the development in America of the arts of the stage—musical performance, the theatre, the screen and "talkies." This is the first time that I express myself for an American magazine. I am an observer, a visitor and not a native so it is possible that what I say will not always be right, but at least I am sure that I speak sincerely. If I seem to criticize, let it be remembered that America goes forward at such a tremendous rate of progress, in art as well as in business, that the criticism which is true today may soon be no longer deserved.

I have been coming to America to sing in opera and concert every season since 1921. More and more, I have seen, the magnet of America has drawn the musical performers of the Old World until there is nowhere on earth to be found such a magnificent development of the concert field. The most remarkable manifestation of this condition is to be seen in the orchestras which perform regularly in New York and some other musical centers. The greatest conductors, the finest ensembles, the best soloists are every-day fare. Any music-loving American may become educated in the best of orchestral music simply by attending these concerts.

I do not think that the same development is to be seen in the American theatre. The great actors who have visited here have not melted into the American scene and become a part of it, as have the great musicians, mainly, I suppose, because of the language difficulty, but also because music is universal in what it says, while foreign plays express conditions and customs not easily understood by a country so different as America.

But a more serious criticism is the fact that the American plays themselves do not appear to me to progress. To be sure, they cover a great many subjects, but, with a few exceptions, they do not sink their teeth into any of them! Even the few whose themes are not merely light and intended to amuse, tell little of the country—and this is something of which a foreigner may perhaps be a better judge than a native. A visitor learns so little of the spirit of the real America from these plays. Some plays which try to be serious are merely sentimental. Others are melodramatic. Very few of them try to make the audience think—or know how to make an audience *want* to think! I do not see the breadth and scope and vastness of America represented in her plays. Triviality seems to be the disease that is most prevalent.

AS FAR as acting goes, there are a number of very talented American actors and actresses—some even with genius. But I do not think that there is much possibility of developing a theatre for America equal to that of the Moscow Art Theatre. That must take a very long time. First, you must have plays worthy of the tremendous study which would have to be given to them; they must be so alive, so deep, so true, that years of rehearsing will bring out more and more beauty. But in trivial plays much rehearsing will wear the play content threadbare and reveal crippled character building. Then, too, it is a matter of the maturity of a nation. America has not lived long enough to have a spiritual history, such as Russia has. It has not the rich procession of historic event and the studding of these events with glamorous characters, from which material great dramas can be conceived.

Talent is one thing, and America has much of it. But still I think it requires an old and mellow people to produce supreme artists. Just as modern Russia was fused from scores of races, —the Slavs, the Scandinavians, the Tartars, the Caucasians, the Asiatics and scores of smaller native tribes,—so there must be a thorough fusing of the many races which make up America, the vast mingling and intermingling of a fully settled country, before its history can be more than bones.

Neither, to my mind, do the democratic conditions of American life, however excellent they may be from a social point of view, tend to create the colorful and suggestive contrasts which supply dramatic elements. A firmly outlined differentiation of classes tends to produce types, distinctive and recognizable, rich in scenic qualities. It creates conflicts of feeling, of taste, of ambition, of heated political partisanship. Leveling is no doubt a splendid thing for the individual; it is what all Europe is seeking for; the revolutions crick-cracking throughout the continent show that the aim of all the European peoples is to live as Americans do, all on one plane, with no seigneurs and no serfs. They strive to attain the American ideal of one class, "the man," where all are equal as the people in a Turkish bath, with no difference to be noted except that this one is fat and that one is lean. But, for art, equality means flatness.

No, America will not succeed in imitating the Moscow Art Theatre. I am confident that it will do a great deal better than that. It will not continue to go to Europe for its plays nor for its actors. America is going to discover a form of theatrical art that will not be imitative, but will have an American physiognomy, with features as marked and as characteristic of America as those of the Moscow Art Theatre are characteristic of Russia.

WHAT makes me sure of this? The fact that America is becoming critical, both of itself and of others. When I first made my acquaintance with the New York public, it was like a boy of fourteen or fifteen, childish in its likes and dislikes, satisfied with the poorest kind of actress if she was pretty, or with the wretchedest play if it had enough love-making and shooting. But I have myself observed how it has grown. It is now like a young man, beginning to criticize, to apply the standards set by experience and thought; it thinks for itself, searches out meanings and values, and casts away that which does not measure up to these standards.

I think it will not be long before you will take the first step necessary to the creation of a new American stage art:

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the formation of a National Civic Theatre, civic not in name only, but really civic, subsidized by the Government, subscribed by the public, so that it will be entirely free to produce the finest works in the most conscientious way. You will have a Bureau of Fine Arts, with committees on the theatre, on music, painting, architecture, sculpture. For music, there will be a National Conservatory. The discovery and encouragement of young talent will not be left entirely to private organizations and individual patrons.

But the dramatic art form of the future for the whole world, is, I believe, the screen. When it is perfected—we shall see wonders!

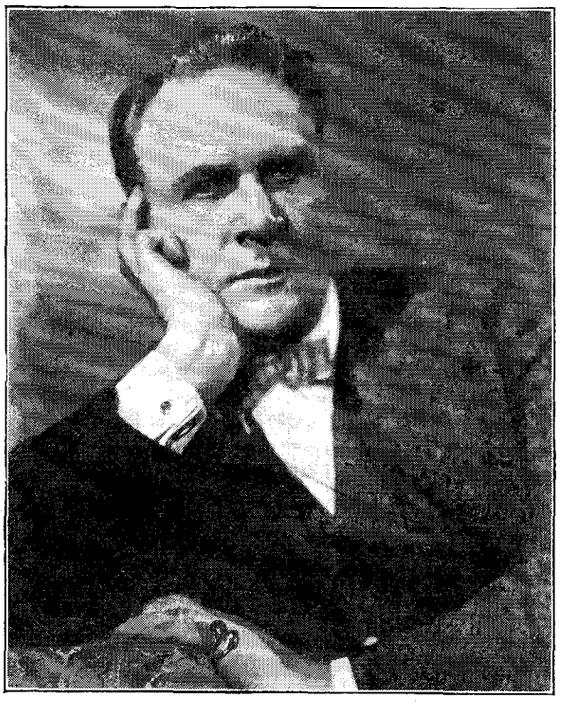
I do not mean perfected merely in the technical sense, of course; sound-reproduction and the use of color will eventually be accurate, and some stereoscopic improvement will give us three-dimensional pictures. I mean perfected in the sense that its vast opportunities for dramatic representation will be explored and utilized to the utmost.

For example, it will be possible to make the screen the repository forever of all the great performances of the world. Great actors, great singers, great productions need no more pass away with the personalities involved. The screen will be a mighty storehouse of treasures of dramatic art, giving the world all that was glorious on the stage, keeping it for a hundred, for hundreds, of years.

That is why I am tremendously interested in the future of the screen.

If I had the necessary money, I would myself form an organization to produce for screen and sound the great operas. What possibilities! For example, take Boris Godunoff." It is next to impossible for the opera houses outside of Russia to create the real historic atmosphere, to perform the Russian characters as they should be performed, to give this great music-drama the magnificence which is its due. At present, whenever I am praised for my interpretation of this rôle, I feel sad because I realize that I am not able alone to give it its full grandeur. I am told that many people walk out into the corridors during the scenes of "Boris" in which I am not on the stage. This grieves me, because I feel that they lose so much which is beautiful. In this opera every character, no matter how trifling, is a work of art, every phrase of music is full of significance and beauty. If one should take a clay bust of Moussorgsky, and sit on it while it is damp, and then put the mangled physiognomy on a pedestal and say, "This is Moussorgsky," that would be the same as saying that the productions of "Boris" given at the present time all over the world are the real "Boris" and the real Moussorgsky.

America knows me only as a singer, but Russia knows me also as a director. There I staged "Khovanschina," because I saw that the other singers did not understand the new music of Moussorgsky, and if I had not staged it as well as sung in it, the public would never have understood it. For among the smooth graceful figures of the old art, the appearance of a *landsknecht* is strange and startling. People do not know at first whether it is good or bad. So it is that people do not yet know *me*.



FEODOR CHALIAPIN

If I had the opportunity, I would show the world the *true* "Boris Godunoff!" I would show it on the screen. I would have the sets designed to reproduce exactly, in the detail in which I know them, the old historic Russia, the Kremlin, the Cathedral, the monk's cell, the wayside inn. I would select and train actors to look and act to perfection their rôles, even the most trifling ones; then I would select singers and teach them to sing the parts with character and expression; I would train an orchestra to perform the music with the fire and power which it requires. I would show what "Boris Godunoff" can be! With all the praise which has been lavished upon me, I still feel that people do not know what I *could* do.

The development of the screen as an art form means that there should be a great new field for musical composition. But America is much to blame in that most of the moving-picture music, even for the best movies, is done not by men stirred by creative instinct, but by men stirred by business. They are musical piece workers—men to whom one goes and says, "Make me so much and so much music, for a film of this or that kind; and how much will it cost per yard?"

This is almost literally true, for the sound specialists have figured out that there must be six seconds of music for nine feet of action. They claim that "the eye demands the right sound," and so their formula for "music" is more or less as follows: a hero must have music something like a marche militaire, a pretty heroine requires sweet, sentimental music, a villain must have sombre, threatening music, and so forth.

This is programme music in its most primitive and vilest form. Or else the musical piece-workers put together a patchwork quilt composed of scraps stolen from the standard composers. Much of it comes from Russian composers, because their work cannot be copyrighted in America. At one movie I was astonished to hear the hunting theme from "Pskovitianka" ("Ivan the Terrible") of Rimsky-Korsakoff, in which I have so often performed, start up out of a medley of unrelated music. At another, the "Chanson Indue" was introduced—jazzed. Its source, from a scene in Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "Sadko," seems quite forgotten, for some one remarked to me:

"Listen to that 'Indian Song,' Mr. Chaliapin! It is a melody of our American Indians,—the only one known, but a genuine one!"

No—as the moving-picture art grows, it will require real music, composed with an understanding of the art form of the screen in all its breadth and greatness. Perhaps some new American composer will arise who will find in the screen his inspiration for a new genre of opera.

(Please Turn to Page 675)

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Mind as God

ANONYMOUS

This contributor to the series of religious experiences is a self-branded maverick. Life and reflection have evolved for her the poet Henley's doctrine: "I am the captain of my soul"

AS FAR back as my memory goes I have had religious experiences. Minor ones, probably, and not what specialists in the business would call such. But I can't recall a time when a pinch impended that I didn't make an automatic appeal, and receive a sense, way down deep inside, that something would turn up. And something always did. Not a voice from heaven directing events, necessarily, nor a flight of fiery chariots, nor a descent of meat-bearing ravens. But some very natural little circumstance or idea would project itself into my consciousness to alter the face of disaster, and straighten the tangle out.

The significant thing, to me, is that such circumstance or idea had inevitably to do with myself, personally. Not the other fellow. Not the state of the money market, or the temper of the world, or the aspect of the weather, or any other surrounding condition—primarily. Alteration always occurred inside. Hope, perhaps, or patience, or a kindly and trustful feeling toward the one that seemed responsible for my difficulty. And there has never been an occasion when such a change in me did not set in motion the particles composing such unpleasantness as existed, and rearrange them into a better pattern.

The ability to change inwardly I take to be universal, and to be the foundation for a certain statement that the Kingdom of God is within us. Far be it from me to assert that I have worked out sufficient variation from the old Adam design in which most of us were cast, to have instituted anything approximating the ultimate of harmony and peace and prosperity around me. But I have an absolute conviction that in exact proportion to inner recastings are the outer recastings of my universe affected.

Such inner changes are not always, or often, pious. It is impossible for me to conform to the requirements of a church, or, I am afraid, even to such civil laws as do not elicit whole-hearted response from my conscience. I am a woman and I smoke cigarettes, which is tabooed by the only church I ever belonged to. I am an American but I drink a cocktail before dinner if it is offered or there are the makings in the house. I am lined up, I suppose, in the great Protestant division of this country's politics, but I would rather have had Mr. Smith for President than Mr. Hoover. Such divergence from organized plans for redemption leave me pretty much a maverick from any herd. There isn't a respectable "ism" or "ist" that could honestly examine me and take me to its bosom. And yet I maintain passionately that I am religious.

ONCE I joined a church. I was drawn to it by the service it rendered one in whom I was vitally interested. The person was my mother. She needed more than consolation or bodily healing and the church gave it to her, immediately and without stint. In doing so it worked a miracle for me as well and in the fullness of praise I joined.

My mother was of the maternal type that lives and moves and has its being in its children. When her children matured and wanted to live by and for themselves, tragic events took place. I was associated at the time with a company of theatrical people. Poor, battered, barn-storming folk—gay with the gaiety of despair at times, and always going hopefully from one obscure job to another—or frequently to no job.

My mother was with me. She couldn't let me go. Her boy had broken loose and ridden the bumpers to freedom. She clung the more tenaciously to her girl. She did everything that utter devotion and black dread suggested to justify the fact that she was with me, and that her life was drawn from mine. She sewed and nursed and got meals and stayed up nights. And always she trod the eruptive, terrible ground of fear lest even her heartbreaking labor and faithfulness were only preliminaries for a final casting off.

One day the character woman in the theatrical company said she was ill and must hunt up a practitioner.

"What do you mean—practitioner?" I asked.

"Christian Science," she replied. "It's not only that I'm sick. I could stand that. But I'm discouraged. I've got to have help all around."

In those days Christian Science was spoken of usually in jest. An established form of witty profundity was to say that it was neither Christian nor scientific. Always considerable of an intellectual snob I didn't want any for myself. But the feeling had come that something was going to turn up in the matter of my mother—and that maybe this was it. Accompanying the character woman on her mysterious errand, I made an engagement for mother.

If any woman reading this has had a mother with a will of her own and a decided case of personality, she will appreciate what I was up against when I went home with my announcement. My mother wasn't having any occult anodyne to reduce her to a state of resignation to her lot. She held the black arts in very low esteem. I was an ingrate and an unnatural child, who only wanted to ease her own conscience with a lie about having done all I could, before taking myself away and leaving her desolate. The long and short of it was that I could cancel the engagement.

I didn't, and eventually she went. She went because she loved me and I seemed to have my heart set on the crazy project. I accompanied her and sat in a parlor while she was in a study beyond. Her remark upon coming from the study was: "Well, if I could make money without raising a hand the way that woman does, I'd be cheerful too."

MY MOTHER'S state of mind didn't look very enlivening on the way home. But somehow I was enlivened. Sitting in that parlor, among antimacassars, and facing a picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" on the wall, I had been aware that I was changing inside. Apprehension for my mother was going out of me. I suppose it was fear, in that particular case, that had been laid. I went to work serenely and that night, as I came to the door of the rooms where we lived, I heard my mother singing softly as she rocked and waited for me. She was humming a tune popular at the time. Not a hymn or a psalm—just a tune. And I hadn't heard her sing for years.

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I'm not going on through the history of that case. It had its ups and downs, its ideal periods and others that were not so ideal. But the beginnings of an individual life for my mother were made. She began to fill in, out of herself, the life that no child or other outside agency could perfect. She had her start toward becoming whole, in what I take to be the New Testament sense of the word.

READING, to find out, if I could, what had happened in the practitioner's house, resulted in my joining the church —the first with which I had ever been affiliated.

In due time I withdrew. To this day I firmly maintain that the idea back of that church is sound. But I have an instinctive distrust of organizations. It seems to me that given an organization, and a body of devoted souls supporting it, the organization inevitably overshadows the idea it was formed to preserve. I know all the arguments about the church being only a storehouse from which the grain of the word can be distributed. I ought to know them. I've been lectured enough along those lines. But I can't subscribe.

I stuck and hung to the church, swallowing inward protests, because I desperately needed what it gave me. I managed almost to disregard the schism that rent it and which I couldn't honestly see as anything finer than an ordinary church fight—a means of preserving the temple and letting the idea survive, if it could, in an angry atmosphere. I read what I pleased, against the mandates of church officials. No reiteration of formulas ever persuaded me that a church manual was holy writ. Refusing to vote one way or the other I refused to be disturbed when a woman I admired was "churched." I continued in a comfortable feeling I had always had about Catholics. Liking Catholic churches I went, when I felt inclined, to a little one I knew and knelt before a glass casket housing the waxen body of a very beautiful, dead Christ. In France I visited majestic cathedrals, and let the glory of old faith and old splendor saturate me to the point where I couldn't retain any more without breaking into a dance—like David before the Ark of the Lord. I felt, and still feel, drawn to priests. They are good looking sometimes, and always suggest to me that I should rather go to them and get rid of my troubles through confession, than resort to a psychoanalyst for the same purpose. All this was very sad business in my church.

Nevertheless I retained my membership until one day I got mad. Of all things to get mad about, I chose politics. It was during the campaign of 1924 and I was for La Follette. Going to my practitioner to obtain help for a deplorable cold, I learned from her that being for La Follette was a worse error than having a cold. It was pointed out to me that Christian Scientists were only in order when they were for Mr. Coolidge. The country was over-run with bootleggers, and everyone knew that wet sentiments ran riot in Wisconsin. La Follette had a bad record according to the practitioner. He had voted against war, for one thing. These and other arguments struck me as singularly unintelligent findings against my candidate. And the attempt to impress me with them through the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the church aroused all of my determination to think for myself.

I went home and got rid of the cold alone. Incidentally I got rid of my wrath at the practitioner. I had to, before I could rout the cold. But I have never seen her since, nor have I ever gone back to church.

NOBODY KNOWS the joy of liberation that was mine when I no longer went to church. I was my own again. I could make my own rules. If they were wrong, their results were harmful to me and I had to alter them. If they didn't appear to do any damage, I let them ride—always with the privilege of amending such portions as failed to meet the requirements of changing concepts of good and bad. It's been my observation that rules which bring bad results are bad rules, and vice versa. By their fruits you shall know them. Liberation came from being my own again. From realizing that I held the balances of right and wrong entirely within myself, and that punishments and rewards were automatic with the dipping of the balances. I was honest again. I could light my cigarette with neither fear nor defiance. Nobody could scare me into a semblance of conformity. Nobody was doing my thinking for me, avoiding my mistakes for me, putting up sign posts along the straight and narrow way which it was my job to find for myself.

Proceeding blithely for a time on my own, I came sharply against a snag. A bodily condition that terrified me manifested itself. Having cut loose from the old and discovering an insufficiency in myself, where should I turn? Where I turned was towards a representative of one of the heretical off-shoots of the Christian Science church. I take it for granted that readers of this article know how forcibly such off-shoots are repudiated by the parent stem. They are as bad as Catholics—or worse.

I ROUTED OUT a heretic, and received a great light. I saw, or rather glimpsed, the reason why inward changes in me meant outward changes. My own mind was all the God there was for me. It was the ordinary, every-day mind with which I thought. The one that was in use all the time. It was God or devil according to the way I used it. What I thought about myself made conditions for myself. If I thought I was in the grip of a fate that was playing dirty tricks on me, I created that fate, and its tricks were as dirty as I conceived them to be. You see, I'd figured before that God was Mind. Mind with a capital letter—but Mind outside of me, which I reflected—more or less satisfactorily. It did the thinking. I reflected—which relieved me of a lot of responsibility. I could put my hand over my eyes for an hour a day and reflect Mind—and then go my own way.

But there was no time nor reason for common, every-day mind. It went on all the time knitting its fabric, putting in a stitch one minute and dropping one the next. If I wanted a decent garment of health and happiness and prosperity for myself, I had to watch what I was doing.

It's no easy job to stop reflecting and begin thinking for one's self. It's drastic business. It means refusing to wake up and worry in the night. It even means that you mustn't angle for your husband's sympathy by telling him after dinner what a hard time you've had all day. Every thought counts.

I suppose I developed one of those smiles that are so annoying. I don't know. I tried not to. One thing I did develop, and that was the first faint fluttering of an ability to think what I wanted to think. I found that my mind was not an uncontrolled agency that whirled up cyclones on its own account. It could be made to behave. There was that back of my reasoning and perceiving faculties which could hold a whip hand over them and drive them along

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profitable paths. As far as I have discovered yet, only paths of hope and tolerance and sound reason have any manna growing by the wayside.

I'm a great believer in manna. I maintain that it is tangible, edible fruit sprouting from the seeds of thought. I affirm that soul is thought habit, brought to a focus, powerful to create good conditions for the individual, or impotent, as the individual thoughts and practices decide. My whole doctrine is that only a man's own soul can determine the life experiences of that man.

I have no theology now. Still insisting that I am extremely religious, I assert that I have no theology. It is impossible for me to figure out any dimensions or features for my mind, and so formulate it into a picturable God. I don't know where my mind comes from nor where it goes, nor whether it will confer immortality on me. Up to now I have never been very much concerned about immortality. I want heaven, but I'm unwilling to wait until I die to get it. Every day in every way, I want to see things getting better and better and better. I want friends and laughter and sunshine and reasonable success in the work I am doing. I want peace and love. And in order to get them, I've got to have them and give them off—like Brahma shedding his universe around him.

Æsthetically it is inevitable that I should still respond to a wax Christ in a glass case, because beauty is such a tremendous thing. Translating emotion into other terms, however, I view the image in the casket with fewer twistings and tearings of pain than once in London during the war I viewed the living, legless trunk of what had been a six foot Australian, propped up on a step to get the sun. Jesus was crucified, but the blessing of death came to him. That mercy was denied the Australian.

ROUNDING BACK to the beginning of this article, and returning to the subject of religious experience, perhaps I'd better try to be explicit about those inward changes which always seem to presage outward change for me. The change comes quickly, not so much in the form of idea as of feeling. As definitely as I would know it if I had touched a material substance, my mind knows it has grounded itself, momentarily, on fact. I am aware of unshakable, immutable reality. It may be only for the flash of a minute fraction of a second, but it is genuine. I can almost hear the snap or click of contact, as though a connection had been made. In fact when I catch that mental snap or click I know that a connection has been effected, and that results will be forthcoming.

The important results are usually immediate. If I have been disliking somebody intensely, or holding a grudge, or worrying, or embittering myself with yearning for the apparently unattainable, I am likely to find that I don't actually dislike anybody; that the grudge was doing me more harm than the other fellow; that worry is gone; that what I want so terribly, is already mine in essence.

STRANGELY ENOUGH waiving desire for material things and accepting their essence generally produces at least an approximation of the coveted object. This, as I see it, is explained by the assumption that my whole universe, my body and my surroundings, are extensions of my consciousness; as mental as my thinking faculty. My body and my environment are the solidified forms of my thought regarding them—the picturization on myself and around myself of those things of which I am entirely convinced. If I am poor and sick and downtrodden, it is either because I think so, or because I have yielded to a general thought to that effect. And nothing can actually lift me out of my condition but changing my conviction that the insufferable situation is permanent. If my soul is athletic enough I can change the conviction.

I've learned by experience pretty much what my soul can do and what it isn't up to yet. I cast myself from fewer and fewer pinnacles as the years go by. Less and less do I say I want a domicile as big as the Court House and I will think that domicile until I see it in my possession. As a matter of fact I don't want any such nuisance as a palace, and couldn't get one if I did. My reason would say, "Don't be funny. Go after first things first. Meet next year's taxes on the place you've got, and then see how you feel about taking on a bigger load."

I don't say, "I am a spiritual entity that cannot be shattered or exterminated. Therefore I will stand in the middle of the street and defy oncoming traffic." My own knowledge that I was being a fool, and so separating myself from the beneficent offices of intelligence, would result in fear, and fear in a casualty. But if I unwittingly got into a tight place between street cars and buses, I should certainly marshal every faculty I could lay hand to, to get out unhurt. I hope I should succeed.

The feeling I spoke of earlier, the snap and click of a connection, is so gentle and so instant a dissolver of hate and embitterment and worry that I take it to be that which is referred to in the Bible and other helpful writings as love. It is a sense that everything there is and everybody that exists has a decent, kindly purpose—whether they know it or not. And that, by knowing it myself, I can bring their relations to me into conformity with the universal plan. If I merely try, I don't always accomplish results. If I buckle down to a thorough job, that snap or click is usually sensed, and the worst is over.

I don't endure. I think supine endurance is horrible and destructive. I accept no unhappy fate. If things look bad, I use every ability I have to combat the evil condition. I can't believe that obvious evils, like sickness or friendlessness or poverty, are good.

SELFISH? Yes—since I expend most of my energy on myself. I know as well as anybody that society is in a bad way, and that, if anything can be done to raise whole planes of it at a time, it should be undertaken. It would only be humane. But so would it be only humane if the race could be replenished, generations at a time, by flights of storks with babies all tied up in diapers for delivery, in their beaks. It seems cruel and stupid that children should come, singly as they do, in fires of pain. But that's the way they are born, here on earth, and that's the way, I think, souls are evolved. One for you. One for me. One for the poor devil in the ditch. I'll be midwife to him if I can, and ease his travail. But the thing he's got to have to help him out of his misery, he must produce for himself.

Such is my religious experience. I'm not proselytizing. My theories and observations cover only my own case. They may be dull enough to other people. There is no magic in them. There are no phrases that set cosmic forces vibrating. They recommend neither prayer nor fasting. Only thought, and that feeling that I take to be love. I don't set myself up as a finished artist either in thought or love. But I'm practicing at them with the hope of gaining some proficiency.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Ladies, God Bless 'Em!

Understanding Women. By Dr. K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater: Elliot Holt. $3.00. Published April 15.

AS ONE who believes that another book about woman by a man is simply a further emphasis on a question discussed already far beyond what its importance warrants, we take up Dr. Wieth-Knudsen's book with lack of gusto. Every new book of this sort, however good, and this one is good, is in a way a new and fallacious gesture of separation between woman's cause and man's. And, if one wants to be flippant about it, a further opportunity for the ladies to say, "See, they write books and books about us who read them like open books."

Dr. Wieth-Knudsen's book is detailed and intelligent. Discussing woman's biological and psychic qualities, he then proceeds to a study of the evolution of marriage and of woman's position in history and of present-day feminism. He finds that woman's rights have not been quite right for women or for society, and even suggests as an escape from the present dilemmas a male revolt, although he draws up no plan of campaign. Although far more balanced and detached than Ludovici, whose hysterical "Woman, a Vindication," was torn from cover to cover by so many indignant ladies a few years since, Dr. Wieth-Knudsen still travels much the same road as Ludovici in his book.

Things may be different in Norway, but here, praise be, feminism is dying down. It was an inevitable movement, once the initial mistakes of educating women and revolutionizing industry had been made. And it has been a useful movement, although, suffering at the moment from its disagreeable effects, we do not see it. But we have had enough of it, now.

Oddly enough all this ado which our writers have been making over perversion has done something to destroy feminism. As young women begin to learn that the anti-man, anti-marriage, anti-children propaganda of some of our most engaging and conspicuous ladies, today, is quite possibly the result of biological deficiencies and consequent psychic disturbances and justifications, they are disillusioned. They begin to see it in all its absurdity and to revolt. The only troublesome possibility in their revolt is that the "It" cult, one of its conspicuous forms, sound as it is in some ways, tends to exaggerate superficial femininity at the expense of more profound and more difficult things.

THE LAW IS TOO SLOW
Lithograph by George Bellows. Jacket design for "Rope and Faggot," by Walter White (Knopf)

Dr. Wieth-Knudsen has not investigated this side of feminism. And until some writer has gone into it, deeply, no book will be of much real value. Perhaps no man can do it. Unhappily, no woman can. Those who are qualified to present woman's cause as identical with man's are mostly inarticulate. Those who have the wisdom, haven't the wits. The best any of us can do is to realize that we are the unfortunate dwellers in a period of confusion, bound for a few more generations to endure social turmoil, and endless talk about it.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

The Week's Reading

Rope and Faggot. By Walter White: Knopf. $3.00. Reviewed by Ben Wasson.

The author of "Rope and Faggot" has written a dignified, splendid and passionate document. Mr. White, himself a negro, has weighed his accumulated facts carefully and has managed to keep his pen free from unnecessary vitriol, which is saying much when one considers the viciousness of the subject matter. His book gains much strength from this scientific treatment.

An inquiry into lynchings is not a pretty thing but it is certainly one which cries out for thoroughness. Though one has long known its horrors, a new survey of this kind tends to emphasize the appalling brutality of mob law, and to stimulate recognition of a sincere, unprejudiced study with its search for reasons back of this particular sort of madness. This is no book for people who desire to feed their morbid hunger on lurid reading. The author has limited himself, as far as is possible, to only such description of ghastly details as is necessary. He has interested himself chiefly in the causes of lynchings.

It strikes me that, in this section of the book, he is particularly successful. In seeking for the physiological reasons behind mob law he has not contented himself with attributing causes merely to sex, religion, feelings of race superiority or inferiority; he has gone beyond these items themselves, attempting to get at the very roots of the matter. What he says of the Southern

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scene in the history of Judge Lynch is sound. But the book is not a "History of Judge Lynch" throughout the country. The author has concentrated, for such a subject, altogether too much upon the States below Mason and Dixon's line. One is curious to know, after reading the appendix, some of the reasons for the 1,438 lynchings of white victims out of a total number of 4,951 lynchings since 1882. Some truth for the scene in its entirety might have been evolved from this volume.

During a visit this winter to my native State, Mississippi, I saw another evidence of mob law. It contained details of brutality a-plenty. But the brave efforts of one lone white woman to prevent its occurrence and save the victim from the hands of the maddened posse thrilled me, and the condemnation of the local press, which followed, gave me hope. Walter White, too, has seen the rift in the cloud which for so long has darkened the scene.

It is to be hoped that the next study of this nature will offer more of the remedial. One is thankful, though, for this contribution which is among the most patient of such surveys.

Cavender's House. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: Macmillan. Published April 23. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY is considerably richer for Edwin Arlington Robinson's studies in Arthurian romance, and his fame may rest there; yet the most favorably prejudiced reader, after recovering from the moment of immediate satisfaction, must sense, in revaluation, a lack of originality in those fine poems. Even the best subjects have their limitations. Because it marks a departure from medieval moods, "Cavender's House" is exceptionally interesting; and because the new narrative is written in the same peculiarly individual blank verse, shows the same intellectual interest in emotional values and has the same essential quality of objective introspection, the transition from "Tristram" is accomplished easily and naturally. That would tend to prove the poet as the important factor in the work, and the subject matter merely an incidental medium. Both in conception and in treatment "Cavender's House" is uniquely *Robinson*. Indeed, this story of a murderer's conscience is in many ways its author's best poetry.

In the conversation between Cavender and his wife's ghost, enough of the past it told to reconstruct a story of Guinevere and Lancelot, albeit they are now in very modern dress and the fundamental differences of lovers are intensified by very modern ideas. As the poet carefully explains, suspicion

> May take the face and shape of certainty
> And so be worse than truth and ruin together.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

This Strange Adventure by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Doubleday, Doran. A serious and sympathetic study of American woman and her problems against the shifting background of the last half-century.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6.

Storm House, by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran. This story of several women who were impelled by the mothering instinct to devotion and sacrifice is told with convincing mediocrity. Reviewed April 10.

Non-Fiction

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. The salty and "fishy" adventures of a girl brought up at sea. Reviewed March 13.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Herman Melville, by Lewis Mumford: Harcourt, Brace. Fine interpretive biography by one of our best critics. Reviewed March 20.

It was a flimsy sort of doubt that made him kill her, and it was doubt that brought him back after years of wandering to ascertain at last the justice or the injustice of the act. As in all of Mr. Robinson's men, in Cavender there was

> a darker night, and one within him,
> That others not himself were not to know.

And his wife was

> A woman who had said less with her tongue
> Than with her eyes, which had nothing to him
> That he would know.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's verse gives an impression of having evolved through pads and pads of scribbled and discarded paper, until at last it has attained a purely personal quality of full expression. From the first there was an individual point of view, but the style was difficult and dull despite its technical exactness. Those who praised the early work were compelled to pay homage to the honest intellectuality, but they had to wait many years until the poet developed a narrative form adequate to the important materials with which he was working. In his Arthurian romances his concise dramatic verse first approached the completeness of great poetry. To "Cavender's House" Mr. Robinson has brought all the characteristic elements of his art and has built with them an excellent narrative poem.

The Fate of the Jury. By EDGAR LEE MASTERS: Appleton. $2.50. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

IN THAT it reveals the personalities found in the earlier "Domesday Book," Mr. Masters's new narrative poem may be considered a sequel. But only in its characters and in a typical Masters point of view is that true, for "The Fate of the Jury" is a good deal more than an epilogue. Both books search deeply into human personalities; both treat their subjects dramatically, frequently with irony, and are consistently scornful of hypocrisy. The style of writing in the new volume is the most important development in the poet's work and a really distinguishing factor of his most recent verse. Except for that, there is nothing unusual about the present narrative, which tells the innermost stories of a group of reasonably interesting men. The treatment of these testimonies is that found in the "Spoon River Anthology," and perhaps a trifle more shrewd with the accumulated wisdom of years.

A year ago in "Jack Kelso" Mr. Masters made an attempt to write an epic poem, but despite some interesting passages he failed to achieve a consistently effective whole. Then he was dealing with Lincoln; here, where he returns to his small-town folk, he comes

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much closer to an artistic entirety. His poetry, mechanically speaking, is the clue to the present success. The blank verse of this poem has something of the quality which we associate with Edwin Arlington Robinson's work, a form of expression which is not exactly conversational and is not exactly like dramatically spoken stage verse. Arbitrarily, it may be described as exceedingly expressive of the Masters mood—a fine narrative medium for such insight into the motives behind small-town lives.

Owing to lack of space reviews of the following books, published this week, will be held over until next week:

Mid-Channel. By Ludwig Lewisohn: Harper. Reviewed by Ernest Boyd.

The Mighty Medicine. By Franklin H. Giddings: Macmillan. Reviewed by Charles Lee Snider.

Treadmill. By Lola Jean Simpson: Macmillan. Reviewed by Milton Byron.

The Diary of a Communist. Undergraduate. By N. Ognyov: Payson & Clarke. Reviewed by E. M. Benson.

John Mitchell—Miner. By Elsie Gluck: John Day. Reviewed by The Editor.

Belinda. By Hilaire Belloc: Harper. Reviewed by The Editor.

The Prince or Somebody. By Louis Golding: Knopf. Reviewed by The Editor.

Forthcoming Books

Nobel: Dynamite and Peace. By Ragnar Sohlman and Henrik Schuck: Cosmopolitan. April 26.

Three Wise Men of the East. By Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore: University of North Carolina Press. April 26.

A Tiny Seed of Love. By Sarah Salt: Payson and Clarke. April 27.

Angels and Earthly Creatures. By Elinor Wylie: Knopf. April 26.

The Furnace. By Francis Brett Young and William Armstrong: Knopf. April 26.

Awake and Rehearse. By Louis Bromfield: Stokes. April 25.

Diana. By Heinrich Mann: Coward-McCann. April 26.

Cold Steel. By M. P. Shiel: Vanguard Press. April 25.

The editors of The Outlook and Independent greatly regret it if any false impression as to our opinion of the value and authenticity of "The Further Poems of Emily Dickinson" has been caused by a review printed some time ago. On the contrary, we are

(*Please Turn to Page 680*)

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

An ancient book closes with these words: "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written, every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." We do not know and never can know all the things which Jesus did, but we are making rapid progress toward filling the world with books about him.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Kahlil Gibran (Knopf), is an imaginative picture of Jesus. Gibran in short, vivid sketches lets us look at the Galilean Prophet through the eyes of fifty or sixty of his contemporaries. Peter tells us why he followed him; Caiphas, why it was necessary to kill him; Pilate speaks to us of the thoughts which came as Jesus spoke to him of truth; Mary, his mother, expresses the wonder and joy in her heart.

"Things to Come," by J. Middleton Murry (Macmillan), the novelist, is really a book of essays, but those essays are in the main centered upon, what he calls, "The Hero Jesus." Murry's position is neither that of the orthodox Christian nor that of the rationalist. Jesus, he believes, was the greatest genius of all time. The Father God did not really exist; Jesus created him and by following Jesus we can help to create him still more completely. Jesus was the first born of many brethren, the first son of God. Only in him can our age find the dynamic psychology for which it seeks, the psychology that can make individuals who can withstand the crowd and weld society into something like the Kingdom of God.

A quite traditional approach to the subject is found in "The Christ of God," by S. Parkes Cadman (Macmillan). Dr. Cadman is well qualified to write upon this theme, for he knows the Christian Church as well as the modern mind. He emphasizes that to understand the personality of Jesus one must do more than give critical attention to the early documents about him. Two other factors must be considered. We must study the experiences of his early disciples and we must give weight to the organic witness of the Christian Church to her founder. This too is genuine evidence. While this book does not have the literary charm of the others just mentioned, the man or woman who wants to get the clearest apprehension of the significance of Jesus cannot afford to ignore it.

To see Jesus through the eyes of the Roman Catholic, we would recommend "Who Is Then This Man?" by Mélanie Marnas (Dutton), translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. This book is somewhat authoritative, as it bears the imprimatur of Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. This is an excellent piece of writing by one who has studied the sources and gives a convincing picture of the events of Jesus's life. Read this book through sympathetically and even the modern mind, swayed by the storms of doubt, will have respect for the millions who believe with the author of this book that "the enterprise of the Apostles came from God, and Jesus of Nazareth was no mere man."

"Jesus of Nazareth," by Charles Gore (Henry Holt), formerly Bishop of Oxford, is a scholarly summary of the life of Jesus as the soundest scholarship sees it. Bishop Gore is profoundly convinced that our documents are substantially trustworthy. He sees the importance, too, of Christian doctrine, for events are proving that Christian morality will not long survive the crumbling of Christian doctrine. The author has tried to view Jesus from the standpoint of the objective historian dealing with facts alone.

As a final example of the factual type of book dealing with Jesus, read "The Master, A Life of Christ," by Walter Russell Bowie (Scribner). Dr. Bowie rightly points out that the great question concerning Jesus is why he has not been forgotten. Some sixty billion human beings have lived and died since the dawn of history. With the exception of a few hundred, they are forgotten as though they had never been; but Jesus is not forgotten. All the books which we have just mentioned and the thousands which have preceded them amply prove this. Of course, Dr. Bowie does not give a complete answer to the question he asks, but he does make the Galilean live. Moreover, it is not overpraise to say that his book is a literary delight. Would that all who deal with this theme could give us as much æsthetic satisfaction. His book and all the others upon which we have commented are proof of the undying fascination of Jesus for all sorts and kinds of men. There is an abiding truth in the Oriental figure that the world itself cannot contain the books about him.

Edmund B. Chaffee.

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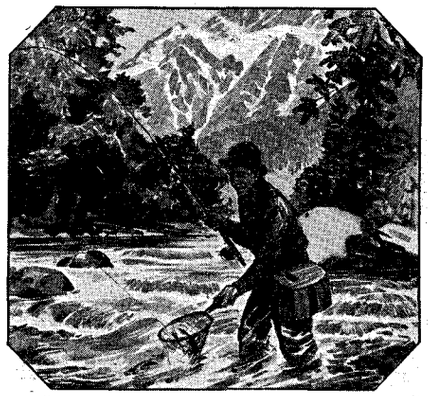

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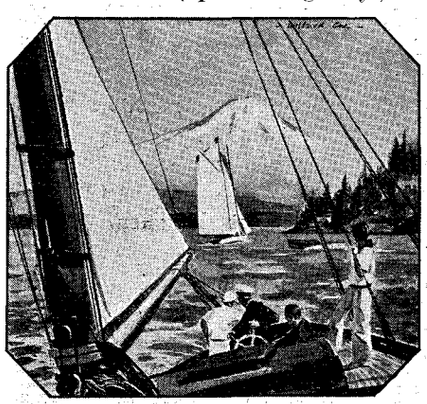

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

"FOR laughing purposes only" might be a fair designation for Broadway's latest bids for popularity—John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" and John Peter Toohey's "Jonesy," prepared in collaboration with Anne Morrison.

Almost every one, at some time or other finds himself amused by the Sunday supplement cartoon page. People who never experience this most likely never were young. And yet a diet consisting exclusively of cartoon pages, read steadily for an entire Sunday afternoon would constitute, we imagine, a menu whose attractions might pall.

Underwood

JOHN DRINKWATER

Something like this happened to us viewing Mr. Toohey's "Jonesy." The well-known comic characters were all there. Father the Worm, and his wife the Great American Apologetic Mother, the lordly Jonesy, their horrible boy, with his great American gift for go-getting, his practical jokes, his propensity for fathering mixed friends, his possession of "it"—all the ideas and well-known one-dimensional people of the comic pages were present.

Incidentally, the play was made from a series of very amusing short stories written for one of our magazines by Mr. Toohey; and their presentation on the stage shows up very sharply the difference between life as it is in these United States and the way it appears in the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Pictorial Review."

Even the art of the theatre—and this piece is well directed—cannot make ring true the hollowness of our popular fiction. The jokes are there, the funny exit lines, the farcical developments of situations. But real human life is absent. The theatre is an unerring test.

John Drinkwater, on the other hand, we can imagine rolling on his couch with laughter as his imagination pictured for him a pompous and distinguished barrister suddenly going mad with anger in the small hours of the morning, fighting with an unknown bedquilt mysteriously present under his sheets in a strange room in an English country Inn.

"Believe it or not," this is the climax to the second act of John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand;" and we barely lived to tell the tale. To judge from the audience it is one of the funniest things ever seen in New York. Of course, the whole play is extremely delicate in texture. And could be picked completely to pieces if viewed with a critical eye. But once its mood is accepted, it becomes as light and genuinely entertaining a whimsical farce as has come out of England in some time. The very great difference between it and such things as "Jonesy" lies in the basic reality of the characters, whose difficulties, whims, prejudices and arguments produce a resultant humor which refreshes instead of wearies. As a yarn, it is merely the yarn of three strange guests in an inn kept up all night in their bedroom—shared to their mutual distaste—by the tragic difficulties of a local love affair involving the innkeeper's family and the local Lord and his heir.

Nevertheless, it is written for the stage and not for the magazines; and so it appears to very happy advantage in the Booth Theatre.

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Let Us Be Gay (RACHEL CROTHERS). House party entertainment.

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Spring Is Here. Glenn Hunter deserting more serious business for musical comedy.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Coquette"

THERE'S one very cogent reason for going to see "Coquette." It's an all-talking picture and Mary Pickford is its star. Mary Pickford has been in the movies a long, long time. They used to call her "The Biograph Blonde" way back in the old, shamefaced days when movie actors and trained seals were comparable save in one respect—the trained seals ate more regularly.

Still in her early thirties, this young actress has risen to the top of a profession that pulled itself up from obscurity to general acclaim only to find that a new invention was to render it obsolete. But, thanks to much native wit and a year with David Belasco, Mary Pickford has stepped daintily over this obstacle and entrenched herself even more securely than before.

Her performance in "Coquette" must be seen to be believed. We were enthralled by it. The recording, unfortunately, is very bad; so bad, in fact, that Miss Pickford and the rest of the cast roar one minute, whisper the next and speak in asthmatic growls between times. So good, however, is the star's work and so surprisingly good is John Mack Brown, who plays opposite, that we think you will gladly make the necessary excuses to your aural equipment, and enjoy the picture.

Not only are the leading rôles conspicuously filled, but Sam Taylor's direction and adaptation are highly to be commended. He has improved, we think, on the stage play. In fine, it seems a pity that some one didn't see to it that the mechanical end of "Coquette" was better handled. If they had done so, it would be the best of current talkies. As it is, we can't help feeling that the knockers will have their way with it, and trot out their croaking chorus about "canned noise."

"Strong Boy"

EVERY ONE has seen Victor McLaglen by now, and his attainments need no further exploitation. In "Strong Boy" he continues to do a Victor McLaglen, but the tools he is given to work with are rather more serviceable than usual. John Ford directed the picture and John Ford is a smart man, who likes to ring the changes on stock situations and put pep into them. For instance—in "Strong Boy" he has had nothing more to work with than a set of Horatio Alger sequences. He has circumvented this difficulty by placing his action in a novel setting and employing the non-Algeric Mr. McLaglen to interpret it.

"Strong Boy" makes no particular bid for immortality. It's just another Fox programme picture. It so happens, however, that saying that is coming to be the equivalent of saying "Just another flight by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh." There hasn't been a poor one for quite some time.

"Spite Marriage"

WE LAUGH at Buster Keaton so immoderately under any and all conditions that it's hard for us to get the viewpoint of people who don't like him. We thought "Spite Marriage" was one of the best comedies of the year and we can believe that Mr. Keaton will go on being equally funny for the rest of his career. In these days of wholesale murder on stage and screen—of introverts and extraverts, dancing daughters and captive women, the Eddie Cantors and Buster Keatons are national benefactors. Away, cry we, with the weak-kneed smart crack and *à bas* the not-so-double *entendre*. Let us give thanks for the belly-laugh and honor the men who make it. There is more virtue in an abysmal picture like "Spite Marriage" than in a $500 visit to a psychoanalyst, and it's our suggestion that you try the former and then—if you don't feel better—look up the latter.

We Recommend

The Trial of Mary Dugan: Takes its place as this department's favorite talkie, owing to a number of different considerations.

The Broadway Melody: For all-around entertainment, this is a hard picture to beat.

The Iron Mask: MARY PICKFORD'S smart husband in just about the best thing he has done.

The Letter: With the most distinguished cast ever assembled on one screen, JEANNE EAGELS, O. P. HEGGIE, HERBERT MARSHALL AND REGINALD OWEN.

Sonny Boy: You will probably be bored by all the rest of the picture, but DAVEY LEE is something you shouldn't miss.

The Divine Lady: A consistently pleasing drama, beautifully directed by FRANK LLOYD and photographed by JOHN SEITZ.

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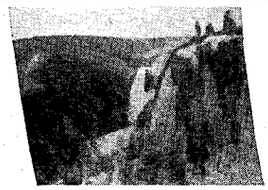
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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

COLOR has invaded now the last citadel—the Bible is being displayed in shop windows in bindings of red, blue, purple, rose, white and several other shades. And after all, why not? The Bible will certainly not lose dignity through being bound in bright colors, and although some people have objected to it, it has seemed to us that their objections are ill founded. As a child, the Bible looked uninteresting to us, and that, we are sure, was because the unrelieved black of its cover seemed mournful and gloomy. Once open, it was as interesting as any other book, but that black cover handicapped it at the start.

THE SIMONS DECORATIVE STUDIOS make very carefully worked out scale models of residences, apartment houses, office buildings—exterior or interior—also garden plans, showing detail and texture of materials. They make them in quantities to be used by real-estate companies in showing plans of new developments, and they make them for architects, in accordance with specifications.

THERE'S AN electric neckwear presser which uses heat, moisture and pressure without friction and is quite inexpensive. And if you are a lady and have a wrist watch with a ribbon that goes round your wrist, and if you want to wear it with one of those new cord bracelets, we know a firm that will change the old ribbon fasteners on the sides of the watch for fasteners to which you can attach the cord. These two items haven't anything in common but if we make two paragraphs of them the editor thinks it makes our page look too chopped up.

A NEW ELECTRIC BROILER called the autogrill has a thing on it that looks like a radio dial. You put in your chop, steak, toast or whatever, set the dial for medium, well done or rare, and when the broiling's over a bell rings and the heat automatically shuts off. Underneath is a receptacle which collects the drippings. Very neat, we say.

IF YOU'RE a slave to a medicine bottle, and also a traveler, you can get, all packed in a tiny leather case, a handleless tablespoon, which you can easily carry in a vest pocket or handbag. The spoon is also graduated so you can measure out teaspoonsfull.

A NEW MODIFICATION of the electric torch has a lamp fastened on a headband like a miner's lamp. The battery goes in the pocket. If you've ever tried to hold a flashlight between your arm and your side while replacing a burnt-out fuse in the cellar, or exploring an automobile engine at night, or doing anything of the kind that requires both hands, you should appreciate this device.

THERE'S A housecleaning pail which has a partition through the middle so that you can have clean water on one side and soapy water on the other. On the outside are holders for soap and brush, and below is a sort of basin to catch what slops over.

THE PEOPLE who make the Kitchen Maid units make a number of lesser-known things which seem pretty good to us. One is a chair or seat which is splendid for use in bathrooms since it folds up into the wall and is yet very firm and solid.

Another is a telephone niche which is set into the wall and contains space for the phone, bell box and book. Below is a seat which pulls out, like the one described above.

A third item is the Dinofold—a combination of table and two benches which, when you are not dining, breakfasting or supping, folds up flat against the wall. It is also made to fold against a door, so that you can open the kitchen door, pull down the table, dine, and then, when the table is cleared, fold it up against the door, which, when shut, conceals it completely. The Dinofold is very sturdily and carefully made so that it won't rattle or get wobbly, and should solve the problem of serving meals in a small apartment.

Lastly there is a combination closet and chiffonier, 66 inches high, 24 inches deep, and in three widths—48, 60 and 72 inches. There are sliding doors, and two thirds of the space is for hanging suits and dresses, the other third containing five large and two small drawers and a space above for hats. There is also a wardrobe the same size which contains no drawers.

THERE'S a new, non-liquid fuel for pocket lighters which comes in a tube, like toothpaste, and won't leak, evaporate or explode. It's a little easier to handle than the liquid fuel, otherwise we don't know what particular advantage it has.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Goliath

HE WAS named David, and from the beginning he must have shown an impudence—a defiance—an unafraidness of life. For life had no fondness for him. In the first place she had brought him into the world a black boy. By the time he had grown up she had deprived him of one arm. It was as though she had spoken disdainfully and said "you may look on if you like: nothing more."

It was natural then that the one armed black man should look obediently for a job fitted to his drawbacks. As a watchman he might become a great success. His legs were good and his eyes were better. Of course, there wasn't much excitement to being a watchman. But what good exciting job was there for a one-armed nigger? He became a watchman.

Not far from the spot where he had secured himself a job there rushed a swirling, boisterous, treacherous torrent of water. The one-armed watchman often found himself staring in fascination at the headlong course of the river. As a boy he had learned to swim. That was the life! To find something bigger'n you and learn how to lick it! The river didn't care about a thing. It would just as soon rush over its banks and churn up houses and people along with trees and mud. Or it would as soon lie as still and innocent as a flower—smiling and blowing softly under the stars.

There had been a time when he could handle it—fierce or pretty. Nowadays it looked at him and laughed contemptuously. It was like everybody else. Hurrying on to where it wanted to go—acting just as it wanted to act every minute. Stopping once in a while just long enough to put the world in its pocket. Telling him—How come? Black man! Only one arm?

In winter the river was quiet. Locked up and the key turned hard. But any one wise to life could guess what was going on behind that closed door of ice. One day when no one would be expecting it the river would wake up like a giant—stretch out his arms—throw back his ragged hair—and slowly rise. Sizzle and crack and split would go the prison, breaking up and tumbling down about his ears. The giant would rise higher and laugh until the joke would be a roar. The one-armed watchman threw back his head and laughed out loud to think about it. Then he sighed.

Late one winter the day arrived when black David found himself among the loungers on the still frozen shore. The newly wakened river, mouthing and heaving, was trying to rid itself of tumbling cakes of ice. Yellow and mysterious it struggled slowly out to sea. Alongside ran its followers—the boys. Black David stood and stared at them. That was how he had run and shouted, throwing sticks at giants when he was little. The river, drunk and staggering, paid no attention. But—better watch out boys, thought David, better watch how you go stepping. His roving eye rested suddenly upon a boy more daring than the others. He knew that boy. His father was a cop. "Watch out, white boy," muttered the watchman softly.

The boy pushed out upon the sandbar, waving a long stick. He was no higher than twelve years old for certain. Not so high as the stick he was brandishing. The black man watched as the boy lowered the stick, and leaned out over the torrent's edge to see how deep it was. Deeper and further down the boy pushed the stick toward the bottom—further and deeper—And then the river sagged ever so slightly. The river leaned and reached. The boy was gone—gone among those grinding, crashing, relentless cakes of ice.

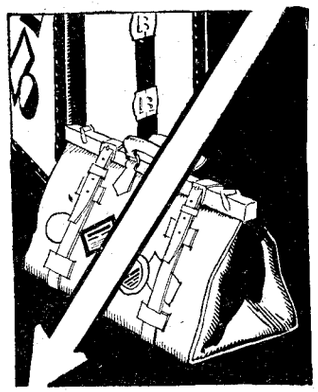
BEFORE the strolling loungers on shore realized what had happened they were stunned by a bolt of black lightning—the body of a man, catapulted from the shock of that second as a pebble from a sling. A hundred feet it sped on to the river's edge, and hurled itself into the air. And dropped. Down among the surging cakes of ice—plunging through the freezing torrents of the angry river—a man with one arm dropped and dived.

Sure death! Hopeless. And those on shore pushed toward the treacherous bar. There—! The head of a negro was shaking itself free above the ice, was gasping air, and dived again.

Twice. Three times. He couldn't find the boy. Four times—four times—he was longer gone this time. He did not come back—wasn't coming back—

And then he came. With a limp child slung over his shoulder—a living child hiding that stump of an arm—Black David dragged slowly from the ice. With never a glance at the impotent river he clutched his victory in one arm and came ashore.

What's your baggage worth?



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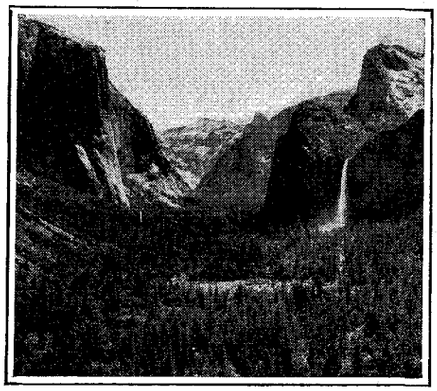

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The Job of Being a Feminist

(*Continued from Page 646*)

the scarcity of feminists—and the fact that these women have not advanced as far as their abilities could carry them. They never got a feminist attitude of mind. If, when they went to work, they had met a dozen business women of importance whom they admired, they would have been stimulated by them to competition. In the small town they not only did not see any successful business women whom they wished to emulate but they never lost contact with the wives. Even the men they worked for and with were the husbands of these wives, personal and social friends. If, as in a city, they had gone down town into a world that had no contacts with their old social world, if the men for whom they worked and the women with whom they worked had all been strangers, they would, I think, have gone at it with an entirely different viewpoint. They would have thought of themselves as individuals fighting for success in another world, a world as important and rewarding as the old world which they had left behind, and not as women who had merely taken on another job in the same world they had hitherto lived in.

Since the War I have moved to a larger town. Here I have noted the women who work. Among them I find a larger number, a much larger number, of married women than in the smaller town. Most of them, I discover, worked before their marriage and kept on afterwards. There was no question of whether they needed the jobs, or whether they were married. The only question was on their competence. But their employers, I discover, are not personal, social friends. They are either large merchants or large companies—many of them national in their scope. The relationship of these companies to these women is wholly impersonal.

It is true that even in this town the dominant women in public affairs are home-makers and the successful feminists associate for pleasure with the home-makers rather than with the other feminists. But side by side with, or rather inside, this social world dominated by these home-makers there exists another world in which the feminists, many of them married women, are building up another little world of their own, separate from the other although contained in it, a world in which values, recognition, importance are not based on those of the home-making woman. The feminists are still aware of that other world but they are fast growing indifferent to it. The home-makers do not know about this business woman's world but some of these days they will discover that it is about as important as theirs.

When I had discovered this I looked, to test my theory, at a town twice as large as my own, one with a population of 80,000. And there I found that the business world of women was larger, more compact, more self-conscious and self-contained than the smaller one in my town. There I found that the successful feminists had moved out of the home-makers' world. Their contacts with it were abandoned. They had formed new ones in another world, that of the business woman. They were leaders in this business woman's world. They were putting all their efforts into making customs, standards that would suit their own convenience and that of other women who work. I saw, too, that the home-makers have become aware of this. I caught a gleam of envy in their eyes, especially since a woman has opened a new cafeteria financed, so gossip says, at $80,000.

I have purposely omitted the effect that this dominance of the home-making women as to customs and standards has upon the attitude towards feminists of the business man upon whom the feminist must, to a large extent, depend for recognition, co-operation, and advancement, because, once one admits into the argument any discussion of the attitude of men to the feminist, one becomes involved in another phase of the subject which would lengthen the discussion unduly. Neither have I discussed the difference between the attitude of men in the city toward the feminist and men in the small town toward her. To do so one must first discuss the attitude of men generally to feminism, its causes, its effects. But it must be recognized, surely, that the dominance of the home-maker in the small town has an effect upon the attitude of her husband. It must surely be recognized that the small-town man's lack of familiarity with women in important positions must make his attitude slightly different from that of the city man.

To sum up, then: The trouble with the feminist in the small town is, first of all, that there are not enough of her. This forces her to conform as best she may to the customs and the standards set by the home-makers who, as they predominate, naturally dominate so far as social customs and social standards are concerned. The result of such effort to conform to the standards and customs set by home-makers is that few of the few women who do become successful feminists are aligned with the other feminists, so that they are of no help in changing in any way the prevail-

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ing standards and customs or making some of their own to govern the conditions of their lives, or in serving as encouragement to other feminists.

As towns increase in size the number of feminists per hundred of population increases. This enables them to seek companionship in their own group. There they help to raise standards of their own and adapt customs to their own purposes. As they do this the breach between them and the home-makers widens. It being more advantageous to them to do so, successful feminists take up their positions with the business women instead of hanging on to the home-makers' group. This gives the business women leadership and encourages the aspiring and younger feminists. As the town increases in size the distance between the home and the whole business world also widens. And this distance not only frees the feminist from her old world but leaves her at liberty to do all she can in the new, even to helping construct that new. What the intimacy, the personalness of the small town prevents her doing—surrounding her with inhibitions, calling her to account—the impersonalness, the detachment of the city encourages her to do. That is why the city is the happy hunting ground of the feminist.

America's Future in the Arts

(Continued from Page 663)

He will compose music to a story which will not be limited by the artificial restrictions of the actual stage, nor by the difficulty of finding singers who can both look and sing the parts, for it will be even better for him than in "Coq d'Or," where dancers enact the rôles while the singers are grouped at the sides of the stage. He will be able to have actors to look the parts, and singers to sing them.

This is certainly a more hopeful prospect than waiting for the perhaps never possible day when a cast consisting of great singers who also *look* the rôles could be found.

I do not agree with some who think that this broadening of the scenic scope will result in a parallel broadening of the art of music itself. After all, the creation of music does not depend at all upon the outside assistance of scenery. Suppose there is a drama in which the volcano Vesuvius is represented. It cannot matter to the composer whether the Vesuvius is a bad painting on a piece of stage canvas, or whether it is a marvelous movie of the volcano in eruption. If he does not have the volcano of genius within him, the presence of Vesuvius itself won't help him! Wagner, I am sure, did not compose his "Ride of the Valkyries" with ineffective stage contraptions in mind. His own stage directions show how elaborate were his conceptions of staging.

Although so much of American music in general is created in the "professional" spirit of the movies, instead of in the spirit of art, yet you have examples of really excellent music. "The Rhapsody in Blue," by Gershwin, which I heard performed by Paul Whiteman and his band, is marvelous! All the "blues" songs are truly expressive of something in the nature of the American people, something which, I think, is wistful, sad—the repressed sorrow of a people who devote their lives to nothing but strenuous work, and who do not know how to relax, to be lazy, as we Europeans do! Yes, in all your dance tunes, your jazz and syncopation, I hear—not the pleasant, relaxing motives of leisure and sentiment which belong to social dancing, but the hard, rapping rhythm of hard work without stopping, like the ceaseless pounding of the steam-hammer. Even in this "Rhapsody in Blue" the beautiful theme is heard always over this nervous syncopation.

I believe that negro music will prove to have made the greatest contribution to American music, after all. It is the music of a dreaming, emotional, religious people. It is spontaneous, it is colored by the life around it, the adjustment of a half-primitive race to highly civilized conditions. Eventually, of course, when that time of fusion of which I spoke before has come, it will be only one ingredient in the whole of American music, but at present it is almost uppermost.

One element of supreme importance in the artistic development of America will eventually be the radio, but at present it is too much like a big sack into which is poured a lot that is good and a lot that is bad. Still, it has already given unimagined opportunities to the masses to hear all kinds of music and to form judgments of their own, and this must at last result in a general elevating of the standards of criticism—a change which is, as I have said, one of the most vital in bringing about a demand for truer art, and an inevitable supply of truer artists.

Yes, from America there will come much that is true, beautiful, and great—in time! America will some day teach the Old World instead of learning from it. For my part, I will never forget that it was in America that I received a warm and lasting welcome, and that this country has repaid me with the genuine gold of true appreciation as well as with the gold of Wall Street.

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State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County, Clerk's No. 124; New York County Register's No. O-88; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1930.

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Beethoven: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 652*)

and vulgar, have turned the short, swarthy, stocky, pock-marked provincial with the comic-strip accent—into an alabaster demi-god, and made him much the sort of personage that Parson Weems & Co. made of that extremely human and fallible gentleman who set America free.

Others have evolved for us a gloomy, Byronic Beethoven, stalking into the night with a demonic furrow between his blazing orbs, his hand thrust desperately among his small-clothes, and his whole awful person as alien to common humanity as his Jovian locks were to a comb. A little more and one might expect the Delphic oracle to give tongue from the depths of that curious dimple in his chin.

After consulting some of these authorities, it is almost a shock to look into the facts and discover a hero capable of hurling a dish of lungs and gravy at the waiter's head, and suddenly changing his wrath into roars of laughter when he noticed that the poor man's scolding tongue was silenced by having to lick up the gravy that ran down his chops. This was a hero who could fly into a fury because he imagined he had been short-changed half a cent. As a matter of fact, he rarely knew for certain anything about money, but was so far from the bounds of mathematical genius that, in order to find out how much 13 x 24 was, he had first to add up thirteen twenty-fours.[1]

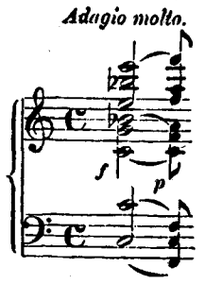
Discounting certain excesses of hero worship, we also find a good fellow with a tender heart, a portentous weakness for the same bad puns, a practical joker, a person normally bubbling over with high spirits and drollery.

Beethoven always approached a new form cautiously, methodically, and attempted it only after elaborate preparation. Before writing his First symphony he did not, it is true, wait as long as his successor, Brahms. But he was thirty, a vivid contrast to Mozart, who composed his forty-first symphony at the age of thirty-two.

This First symphony, in C major,[2] was given its début on the second of April, 1800. In it Beethoven leaned heavily on the more rococo qualities of Haydn and Mozart. While he was feeling his way to easy mastery in any untried field he was reminiscent. Only at the second or third attempt did he become the original thinker we know.

He has confessed that he never gave any thought to being an innovator. "The new and original," he once said, "is born of itself without one's thinking of it."

So soon as his mind ceased to be careful and troubled, like Martha, about technical matters, and could devote itself to "the better part," originality came quite unconsciously.

The dominant seventh chord which opened the First Symphony was denounced by the critics as wildly iconoclastic. In reality it was only a borrowing from Bach and Haydn. And this work contains echoes of Mozart which amount almost to plagiarism.

But the fact remains that this work, tentative though it was, surpassed all other existing symphonies except a handful of Mozart's and one or two of Haydn's.

That boldly dissonant opening chord was a prophecy of the career of the man who, after he had found his symphonic legs, was to free music from the fashionable set patterns of the rococo world. Significantly enough, Opus 21 appeared in 1800—the great divide between the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth centuries.

Just at this time a highly sympathetic vehicle, the string quartette, began to absorb him. Half-way between the intimate diary of his more or less improvised piano sonatas and the quasi-public utterances of his symphonies, these heart-to-heart conversations between four intellectual and spiritual equals, the two violins, viola and violoncello, came to form the very heart of Beethoven's music. Into the string quartette, far more than into solo, operatic or oratorio forms, and even more than into the symphony, the Master came to pour the concentrated essence of all that was greatest and finest in himself.

Divorced from any adventitious element of the virtuoso's technical exhibitionism, or of the falsifying impact of crowd psychology, the democratic little group of strings offered him the perfect medium.

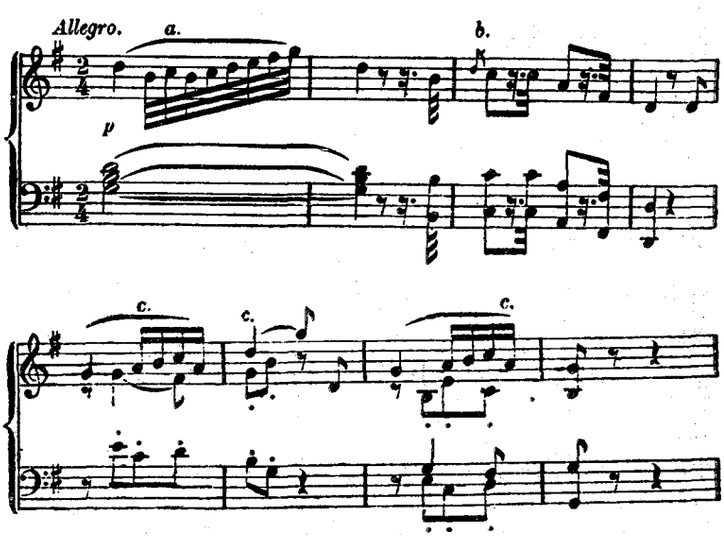
Beethoven's first six compositions for two violins, viola and violoncello are usually called the Lobkowitz quartettes, after the Prince to whom they were dedicated. Their creator had not yet entirely mastered the form. And, like all his ventures in a new field, they leaned somewhat on the arm of the past. None the less, how could any quartette party, amateur or professional, struggle on without them? This somewhat tentative venture of the young fellow of thirty has come to be almost the backbone of string quartette literature.

Why? For one thing, because they are such fun to explore. Their kaleidoscopic unexpectedness rewards you. The wit and humor is dove-tailed—or rather, dove-necked—with elusive attitudes of such iridescent loveliness. The hidden treasure caches are forever yielding something new, in ground you have already passed over a hundred times.

In the last three Lobkowitz quartettes, there are distinct thematic echoes, almost borrowings, from the rococo masters. But the first three are much more consistently in the spirit of these masters. The opening movement of the F major (No. 1) is more cut and dried than anything else in the whole series. Although, at the 30th bar it brings to light a charming example of a concealed counter subject—one of those subtly hidden tunes which, as a lad, he had so brilliantly detected in the theme given him by Mozart for improvisation. But the intensity of tragic passion in the great *Adagio affetuoso ed appassionato* is a worthy forerunner of the *Adagio molto* of that other F major quartet, the first Rasoumowsky.[3]

The second number of Opus 18 is known as the *Komplimentierungs* or "Compliment" quartet, because its

(*Please Turn to Page 680*)

1. This sum appears, in Beethoven's hand on the first page of the autograph score of the "Coriolanus" overture.
2. Op. 21.
3. Op. 59 No. 1.

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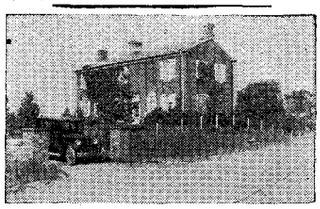

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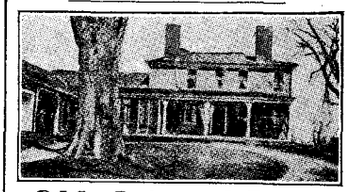

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SUGAR HILL, N. H.: For rental for summer season, furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House; 10 rooms, 2 baths, lavatories. 5 acres of ground. Garage. Beautiful view three mountain ranges. 8 golf courses within reach. Tennis. Riding. Housekeeping or not as desired. Apply J. B. Hardon, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

STATE ROAD, 9 room house and basement, electric light, heater, lot 115x45 ft. Must be sold. Ella Palmer, New Baltimore, Greene, Co., N. Y.

RANDOLPH, N. H. 2000 FT. HIGH
Facing Presidential range. Charming cottage well-furnished for three people, electricity, splendid water, garden, 5 minutes from small hotel. Season $400. References. **Write, Bartlett, 94 Fourth Ave., New York City.**

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Toms River N. J.

An homestead property, overlooking Toms River, located on State Highway from Camden to Toms River, three minutes' walk to town proper. Contains about four acres of land, about one-half of which is a hill, with southerly exposure. Oak and cedar grove on hill. Very desirable homesite. For further information inquire, **JOHN A. ERNEST, County Clerk, Toms River, N. J.**

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COUNTRY HOME—HOPEWELL, N. J.
Hopewell is located midway between New York and Philadelphia on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, near Princeton; the plot of ground is about 20 acres; modern house, all conveniences; close to R. R. station and postoffice (less than one mile); *high elevation, fine view; wonderful flowers*, shrubs, etc.; send for circular. Address Owner, Box 87, Hopewell, N. J.

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24 rooms on eight acre tract, fronting along beautiful lake. This property is located at Hammonton, New Jersey, on main highway, twenty-six miles from Atlantic City, amid century-old oak shade, with excellent bathing beach, boating and fishing. Ideal for resort, sanitarium, school, or private estate. Exceptional opportunity for physician. Joseph A. Baker, City Engineer, Hammonton, N. J.

Pennsylvania

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Pennsylvania

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For list and photos write

R. D. KEHRER, Agent
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FOR RENT PRUDENCE ISLAND, R. I.
PRUDENCE ISLAND, in middle of Narragansett Bay. Several summer bungalows for rent. Different sizes and prices. Write *to John D. Sawyer, 16 Warren Ave.*, Pawtucket, R. I.

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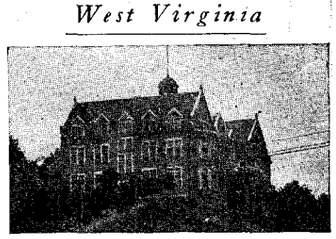
DORSET, Near Manchester, Vermont. Small, quaint, furnished cottage. Beautiful Green Mountains location. Electricity; telephone, etc.; two modern bathrooms; garage; golf club, stores, etc., nearby. Ideal for small family. $450. C. H. Sahlstedt, *243 Pearl Street, New York City.*

VERMONT—Furnished Cottages for rent. Village Property, Country Places, Farms and Timberlands for sale. W. B. Edgerton, Manchester, Vermont.

FOR SALE: in Plymouth, Vermont. 100 acres bordering on lake. Heavily timbered. Right place for Boys club or summer school. C. V. Sanders, Tauton, Massachusetts.

FOR SALE at assessed value to settle estate, home in West Fairlee, Vermont. About eight acres. Fruit. House contains eleven rooms, electric light, furnace heat, running spring water. Barn and garage. Church, school, and stores within few rods. Also furnished summer cottage, four rooms, on Lake Morey. Lot contains about half acre. Garage. Excellent fishing. **D. C. Bliss, State Teachers College, Trenton, N. J.**

West Virginia



FOR SALE: Large dormitory and administration building combined. Modern, in good condition, adapted for boys' or girls' preparatory school. Twenty acre campus. Elevation 2000 feet. Railroad connections and hard surface roads. Can be bought or leased at a bargain. Address: James F. Allen, President, Elkins, W. Va.

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

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to go in leisurely fashion over Europe with eight of us, in my two luxurious limousines. There are two empty seats and surely there are somewhere two people who would like to go to Europe this summer in a party too small to be called a "tour";—a man and wife, a young daughter, an elderly but active lady or gentleman. Two and a half delightful, literally carefree months. I have made this trip several times and can give every member of my different parties as references. Entire cost less than $1500. Sailing June 8th.
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YOUNG WOMAN — Protestant — Wishes position, summer or longer. Companion, Secretary. Experience. Driver and traveler. 9013 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG WOMAN wishes position as singer for summer in fashionable hotel. Would combine work as hostess or secretary. 9014 Outlook and Independent.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER of French and Spanish, desires summer position as tutor. Will travel. 9028 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG TEACHER desires to work her way abroad. 9020 Outlook and Independent.

DESIRES position as traveling companion for congenial woman. 9023 Outlook and Independent.

INSTRUCTOR wishes position as **tutor,** or **chauffeur** on European tour. Speaks French and Spanish. Knowledge of German and Italian. References. 9024 Outlook and Independent.

DO YOU WISH traveling companion? Refined young woman, college graduate, experienced traveler wishes position for summer. References. 9022 Outlook and Independent.

HARVARD LAW Graduate (1929) desires summer position abroad as tutor or companion. Experienced. Highest recommendations. 9025 Outlook and Independent.

CATHOLIC young woman desires stenographic position, preferably with author; equivalent one year college, knows French and grammar. References exchanged. State particulars. 9034 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE GRADUATE twenty-seven years old, wants summer position as traveling companion or tutor. Excellent references. 9035 Outlook and Independent.

LADY, experienced cook, wishes position. Can arrange meals and market. Would go to summer place. No general housework. 9033 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG WOMAN—Protestant. Level-headed, good sense of humor. Wishes position for summer chaperoning young people. Experienced driver and traveler. 9036 Outlook and Independent.

SUPERINTENDENT—Trained. 45 years, married. Wishes to make change. A hospital or institution. Furnish best references. 9037 Outlook and Independent.

TEACHER wants employment for six or eight weeks during summer. Preferably at some summer resort along the Lakes or travel. Will do almost anything except teach. 9026 Outlook and Independent.

GENTLEWOMAN wishes position in home of widower, to rear children and direct home, or as companion. 9018 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG Bowdoin graduate, capable, adaptable, responsible, wishes summer work. Any kind, anywhere. References. 8899 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED—Position as House Director or House Mother in college or school next fall. Excellent reference. 9031 Outlook and Independent.

Help Wanted

AN OPPORTUNITY as assistant to the Pastor of a growing city church. Must have executive ability. Middle age. Married. Interview confidential. A.B.C. The Outlook and Independent.

ACTIVE, MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW is looking for refined, single woman under forty to act as personal maid, companion, chauffeur and friend. Must be experienced driver. Protestant and unencumbered. Permanent position if satisfactory. Address Room 905, Hotel Suburban, East Orange, N. J.

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Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

Board

WANTED for an old lady and nurse, two comfortable rooms, bath, where no other patients are taken. Write particulars. Miss L. Roberts, Haverfred, Pa.

WANTED—A few refined guests to share our pleasant country village home. Open May 30. Mrs. Emma F. Bartlett, Walpole, N. H.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

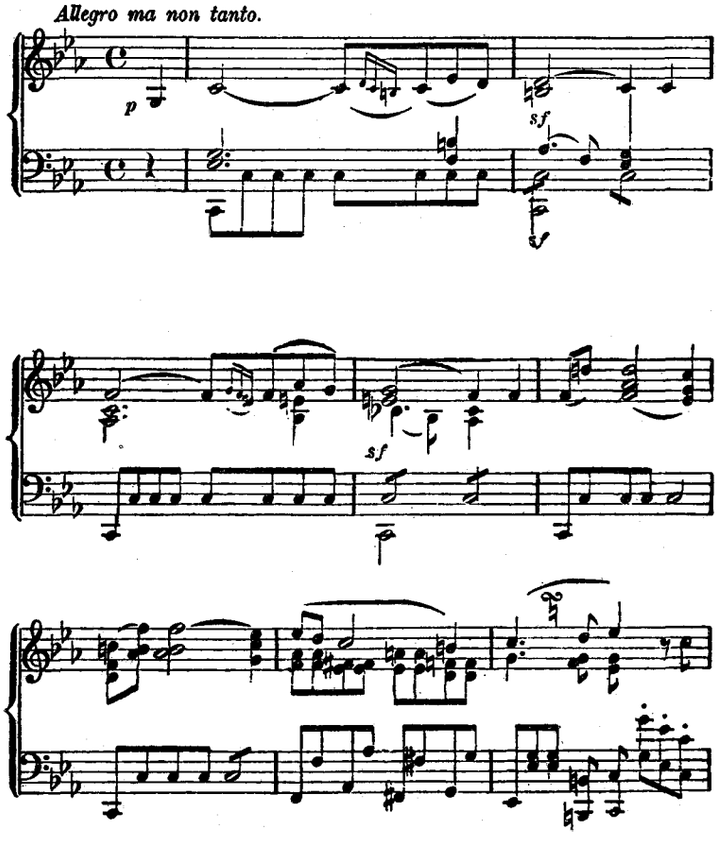
Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

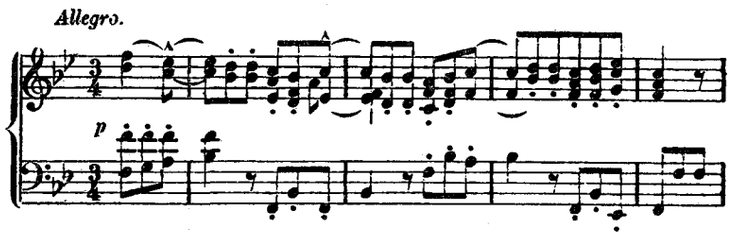
Beethoven: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 676*)

opening might suggest an elaborate reception at some rococo court, like Schoenbrunn, or Nymphenburg or Potsdam. Some early commentator fancied that at (a) the arriving guest might be supposed to sweep a grand curtsey, which is answered at (b) by his host. Whereupon at (c) the double doors sweep grandly open, and all hands ceremoniously parade, with countless "afteryous," to the banquet hall.

The gem of the fourth quartet (in C minor) is the opening movement.

Though the principal theme bears a close resemblance to the basic tune of the *Sonate Pathétique,* there is nothing *pathétique* about this virile, self-assured music. It is the precursor of the Ajax-defying-the thunder mood we are to meet with in the first movements of the *Eroica* and C minor symphonies.

Here was an utterance straight from the innermost heart of the young Master. A new note had been struck. A deeper level of the psyche, heretofore voiceless, had been reached and set free for musical expression.

In the *scherzo* of the B flat quartet (No. 6) we catch Beethoven in the act of stealing the Twentieth Century's thunder by inventing the first piece of jazz. For this *scherzo* is brimful of the

subtle, catchy syncopations, the bizarre wit and the perversely independent part-writing which most people imagine to be the popular invention of the 1920-s. One need only substitute for the first violin a saxaphone with an effective caterwaul; add a myriad-minded drummer equipped with one-half the items in the catalogue of Messrs. Sears, Roebuck & Co.; daub the classical beauty of the original with a vermilion splotch or two of cave-man war-paint; cease abruptly at the third bar from the end; — and behold, music worthy of the proudest and loftiest traditions of the Great White Way.

From start to finish, however, one can see Beethoven progressively drawing away from his musical forbears and coming easily, naturally, into his own. He was perfectly right about the new and original being born of itself. This young man took no more thought for it than did the lilies of the field—though he met with considerably greater success than they. His originality was the product of the perfect relaxation of a genius.

Certain tone colors, certain emotional strata, appear at this point for the first time in quartette literature. And a daring hand shows crisply here and there through the traditional form.

This music was composed with a quartette of talented boys in view. They were all about sixteen years old. Their leader, fat Ignaz Schuppanzigh, was destined all his life to practise Beethoven quartettes with the ink still wet. He served the Master as Joachim was to serve Brahms. These boys played every Friday morning at the palace of Prince Lichnowsky. Opus 18 had its first reading there. The Prince was enthusiastic, and, before the six epoch-making works were done, he munificently settled on Beethoven an annuity of 600 gulden, "until such time as he should find a fitting official position." In addition, before 1802, he gave him the four precious Cremona instruments which still hang, seductive but mute, in the *Beethoven Haus* at Bonn, and tempt all true fiddlers to toy with the idea of grand larceny.

(*To Be Continued*)

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 669*)

aware that these poems have been generally recognized as being among the most important ever written by Emily Dickinson. We ourselves have no doubts as to their authenticity, and have, in fact, seen the original manuscripts of the two poems mentioned in the review and thus have personal knowledge that they are authentic.

In justice to Mrs. Green, author of the review, it should be said that although we have seen the originals of the poems referred to, she was told by the publishers of the volume, whom she consulted before preparing her review, that they had not seen them. So far as Mrs. Green's criticism of the literary merits of the poems goes, we do not think that Emily Dickinson's poetry requires either the praise of reviewers or the defense of editors.

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